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The New York Magazine of Mysteries

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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

ARE YOU TRYING TO GET FOR US ONE NEW READER OR SUBSCRIBER?

Little Deeds

By D. G. Bickers

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
 And thought no more about it;
 It cheered a life that was sad the while,
 That might have been wrecked without it;
 And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
 You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
 And passed to other duties;
 It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
 And painted a life with beauties;
 And so for the word and its silent prayer
 You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
 A lift in kindness given;
 It saved a soul when help was none
 And won a heart for heaven;
 And so for the help you proffered there
 You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

The one great purpose of creation—love,
 The sole necessity of earth and Heaven.

"Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance."—Woodman.

"Bread is the staff of life." When this expression was first used, the meaning of the word *bread* covered all *vegetable food*. So, the Vegetarians say: "Vegetable food is the staff of life."

Meat is not at all essential to mental and physical vigor. Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of shorthand writing, was a tremendous worker for many years, and was in perfect health and vigor. He was a Vegetarian.

There is a story of a king who gave a great quantity of thread to some workmen to weave, telling them to be sure to come to him when they had any trouble with it. The day came when all were to bring their work to the king. All the work showed that the threads had been tangled except that of one little girl. Hers was smooth and well finished. She was asked the reason, and her answer was, "I did as the king told me; whenever I got into the least bit of tangle I went to the king, and he helped me." Things about us, and we ourselves, sometimes seem to get into tangles. Like the little girl, let us learn to take all these little tangles to the great King; he will unravel them for us. He will heal our sorrows, smooth the troubled heart, and give us help and comfort. Go and tell Jesus!—*Brethren Evangelist.*

IF YOU ENJOY THIS MAGAZINE, WITH ITS VIBRATIONS, ITS HELPFUL WORDS OF HOPE AND OPTIMISM, WOULD YOU NOT BE DOING SOME FRIEND A GREAT FAVOR TO SEE THAT HIS ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO IT? A JOY SHARED DOUBLES THE PLEASURE.

Mental Prayer

MENTAL or silent prayer is necessary to the aspiring soul and brings to it joy and peace—a holy and serene calm. In all prayer we should invoke the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit and hold the mind calm and passive, that it may be fully manifested. Abandon the whole mind, will and body to God.

Mental prayer consists in praise and adoration of God, asking Him for further Light, Direction, Guidance and Wisdom, that we may render better service in our earth-life for the good of the Whole. Also send forth a mental picture of strength, health and peace for all beings in the world and ask the Father to so soften and enlarge the mind and heart as to enable you to be more kind, considerate, loving and gentle to all His beings.

Mental prayer is a holy exercise and can be made silently at any time, in any place, provided the mind is wholly emptied at the time of all worldly cares.

Give up for the time all thought of the world and its cares and occupations and thus connect your mind with the universal or divine mind.

O my God! I desire Thee to enter into my mind that I may pray and commune with Thee. O my soul! let us unite as closely as possible to this source of all graces, all love, all power and all blessings, that my heart may be inflamed, my mind enlightened, my soul soothed and all my deficiencies supplied.

Or:

Praise the great God of Love! I thank Thee for all Thy love and mercy to me; and I am sorry for all my ingratitude to Thee. I love Thee! I adore Thee! I worship Thee, blessed Father!

Or:

Great God! how admirable are all Thy works! Praise the Lord! Oh, grant that I may ever see Thee in all things and all things in Thee!

The soul directs us what to do in mental prayer, and the above is only suggestive and can be read with advantage by all who frequently go into the Silence and commune with the Father.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves, childlike, to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.—*Emerson.*

God will always give us wisdom and strength to do and achieve with tremendous success when we do that which is nearest at hand to do. This is accepting the place God wishes us to be in and is the way to peace and happiness.

"Our choices are our destiny," and what we persistently aspire to, with faith and hope, that we will fully realize. "He who has no vision of Eternity will never get a true hold of Time." In a little while, sweet soul, all thy fond hopes will be realized. With Matthew Arnold sing:

O human soul! so long as thou canst so
 Set up a mark of everlasting light,
 Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
 To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam;
 Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
 Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st, indeed, thy home.

A true man is ever watching for the rainbow or silver lining in the cloud. It is divine to patiently wait for light in the darkness; to see a blessing disguised in every so-called ill; to willingly take the bitter with the sweet.

We are always in the midst of heavenly light and heavenly help; if we refuse to let the clouds overshadow us.

Look for the rainbow!
 Look for the silver lining!
 Mourn not!
 Murmur not!

A great soul rests still, in spite of all storms—all disaster. Faith and hope and cheering optimism is the true balm for all our ailments.

He who has his mind and will so subdued that he cheerfully and willingly does what his soul tells him he ought to do is a great and wise man and can teach all men.

How We Help the Sick

Any of our readers that are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, and he will immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with MYSTIC HEALING VIBRATIONS, also giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

There is absolutely no excuse for anyone to be sick or suffering if they understood God's Laws of Perfect Health.

This is truly a spiritual work and cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. IF YOU ARE SICK YOU WANT OUR HELP, AND WE ARE EQUALLY ANXIOUS TO HELP YOU, UNTRAMMELED BY THE DOLLAR MARK.

We want every one of our readers to be HEALTHY, STRONG AND VIGOROUS. If you are sick or suffering, let our MYSTIC ADEPT SPIRITUAL HEALER RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. We make no definite charge for this service; but you know, dear friend, everything involves an expenditure of money, and no matter how good our intentions are, we must have money to pay the necessary expenses of our Spiritual Healer, and we ask every one to contribute whatever sum they can afford toward paying the expenses of this grand work. Understand, Dear Brother or Sister, we leave that entirely in your hands.

In writing enclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12.

The Voices of the Morning

LISTEN, Brother! Pause and listen
 To the voices of the air,
 For the world's attuned to music
 And there's gladness ev'rywhere.
 At the hour of early daybreak
 Such a chorus greets my ear,
 That I bow my head to hearken
 To the voices, far and near.

And I close my eyes in reverence
 As I listen to the strain
 Of the cheery, chirping voices
 That are chanting the refrain.
 From the meadows and the treetops
 Come the sweetest notes to me,
 Each voice piping at his pleasure—
 One unbroken harmony.

Each is thrilled with life and purpose,
 Each is glad for a new day,
 And they usher in Aurora
 With a joyous, merry lay.
 Each is trusting to the Father,
 No discordant note is there;
 And the voices, in their blending,
 Are a sacred matin prayer.

As the notes from Nature's harpers
 Stir your soul with glad delight,
 Sit in quiet meditation,
 With an earnest prayer for light;
 Rouse the higher, better nature,
 Make the Christ, the God within;
 Hear the whisp'rings of the spirit
 And the grander life begin.

Listen, Brother, peace, and listen!
 Catch the vibratory thrill;
 Join the cheerful, happy chorus:
 "Peace on earth! Good will, good will!"
 Chant the orison with gladness,
 Sing it o'er and o'er again,
 Like the birds upon the treetops:
 "Peace on earth! Good will to men!"
 —*Amelia Murdock-Wing.*

When we truly love and adore God, and the Holy Spirit dwells within us, we naturally and without effort drop sin, evil and foolishness and live in energetic holiness. Religion is love of God. Religion makes a man larger and not smaller, makes him purer and sweeter and more wise and powerful. Religion helps us to free the soul and to be and to do the very best that it is possible for us to do. All religions lead to the same goal—God. Love of service, labor and work for the good of the whole is love of God and is man's best religion. The more divine a man is the greater his work. A God-loving soul is energetic and never idle.

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Vol. III

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No. 6

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Glorious October!

"WELCOME, O brown October, like a monk with a drinking-horn, like a pilgrim in russet."
The life vibrations of October glow in every cheek.

"Along the hills wild asters bend to greet
The roadside's wealth of golden-rod;
And by the fence the bright sumachs meet
The morning light of God."

Glorious October!
God be praised!

My soul shouts with joy, for it is October!

The angel of toil and harvest sings sweet songs in our ear. Our souls vibrate with joy! We look Godward and Heavenward and praise His great providence and breathe new life and new hope, for we see in all seasons the presence of the great God.

Omnipresent One of tender love, Thou dost sweeten our life and lighten our toils and profit our labors and crown us with joy and gladness. October proves Thy Omnipresence and Thy tender and loving care of us earth children.

"His is the presence that with gladness crowns

The long, long days of toil and care;

His bright smile shining when November frowns

With snow rime in his hair."

O Almighty and Eternal living Father of All, take from our minds all doubt and all fear and all apprehension about Thy loving care and providence.

The Springs, the Summers, the Autumns and the Winters of our lives are the great miracles of Thy working which tell the soul that we are one with Thee, Blessed One.

Of Thy tender mercy, care and love there is no end. All Nature and the seasons inspire the soul with the blessed truth that Thou art our Loving Father.

Glorious October sweeps away all doubt of Thy wonderful providence, and fills us with the vibrations of New Life, New Hope, New Courage.

Praise the Lord!

It is October!

Let us pray and sing and shout and dance with joy! Autumn marks the ending and beginning of a great degree in the soul's evolution towards Eternal Glory.

Let us sing the song of Autumn:

"The world puts on its robe of glory now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;

The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

"The distant hills are crowned with purple mist;

The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights,

To wondering eyes, like weird magicians show

The shifting splendors of the Northern Lights.

"The generous earth spreads out her fruitful stores,
And all the fields are thick with ripened sheaves;

While the woods, at Autumn's rustling step,

The maples blush through all their trembling leaves."

LILIES OF PEACE

On the velvet green of a dimpled hill,
When the summer wind was whispering low,
And the crystal sheen of a murmuring rill,
Like a silver necklace far below,
Caught the reflection of clouds and trees,
I lay and listened to song of the breeze,

And gazed at the crests of the golden fields—
The meadows of emerald like the billowy sea—
The shining green of the cedars' shields,
And the shifting shadows, as over the lea
They followed the clouds that like snow-white sheep
Wander afield in the azure deep.

The mountains afar in their purple mist,
The jeweled breast of the distant lake,
Aglow with the joy of the sun's warm kiss,
All seemed in a wondrous peace to partake,
And I lay entranced at the beauteous scene,
Half fearing 'twas only a fleeting dream,
While for the sorrow-tossed, trouble-fraught world
I prayed for the peace this fair view impearled.

When behold! Right out of the heavenly space,
On a snow-white cloud with silver lined,
With gossamer robes of the finest lace,
Came a glorious Angel, with lilies entwined
In her wind-blown hair; and about her feet
Hung garlands of white-starred lilies sweet.

I felt the wind of her trailing gown—

I felt her perfumed breath on my hair—

But when I sought to draw her down

To my side, she was gone, and in all the air

About me trembled a music faint,

But sweet as the voice of a blessed saint.

"Because of thy prayer for the world I came,
Because of thy prayer for the world I go;
But I leave thee my spirit and heavenly name,
That in thy true heart my lilies may grow.
Go, scatter their perfume, 'tis peace and kind words.
Like the light of the morning, or the sweet songs of birds,
'Twill comfort the weary, and give sweetest release
To sad hearts that long for the blessings of Peace."

—Helen Van-Anderson.

Respect all men who love God, Christ, religion, the Church, and Creeds; there may dwell in their souls and hearts a Light you know nothing about.—Frank Harrison.

All things are possible to him who is willing to be lived. Heed well the voice that calls.

Much of the craving for alcoholic stimulants and tobacco is caused by the meat-eating habit. Those who love God and live entirely on a non-flesh diet have not an abnormal craving for alcohol or tobacco, tea or coffee, opium or morphine. As long as meat-eating is prevalent there will be intemperance.

Announcement FOR THE Universal Brotherhood

Classes are now being formed in NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, JERSEY CITY and other accessible suburbs, for instruction in the Principles and MINISTRY of the Brotherhood, including Healing, SELF-TRAINING and SPECIAL METHODS of Spiritual Development, etc., etc.

This teaching will be preliminary to the formation of Chapters in which members will be initiated into the secret work and privileges of the Order.

Applications for membership in these Classes should be made at an early date, as it is necessary to complete arrangements for the great work in which all members of the Brotherhood, it is hoped, will take an active and earnest part.

For further information address, with self-addressed stamped envelope,

H. A. K. 1A, Magazine of Mysteries.

How We Help the Sorrowful and Discouraged

Some of the Mystic Adepts connected with this Magazine are powerful helpers through prayer alone.

Any reader desiring the prayers of this Adept can have the same freely and without cost by merely sending a written request for prayer to "Mystic No. 9," care of "The Magazine of Mysteries."

One subscriber writes: "Tell your Mystic Adept that my burden of sorrow was almost immediately lightened after writing him; that I had sorrow, and asked him to pray for me. It was indeed a remarkable experience."

The prayers of a Holy Mystic—a true God-lover—are all-powerful.

The prayers of The Mystics are very powerful; get into our vibrations. May the peace of the Blessed One be ever with our readers.

"The Mystic Circle."

Lessons in Palmistry

We can highly recommend this book to anyone desiring to become a palmist, or who wishes to read his or her own hand.

Anyone can easily understand these lessons in palmistry, as they are profusely illustrated with excellent engravings, showing in detail the many different kinds of hands and the lines of the palm.

The author of Lessons in Palmistry, who hides her identity behind the pen name "Maria Andrews," has made a life-long study of cheirosophy—the science of palmistry—doing so for pure interest in the study and not for professional gain. She is a member of one of the oldest and best-known English families, as a girl meeting in her own home, where they were constant visitors and long-time friends of her family, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, and others of their contemporaries of national note. Bulwer-Lytton and Dickens were firm believers in the science of cheirosophy, and through their interest in it, and later for its own sake, the writer of these lessons found it a most attractive study, no less for cultivated people than for men of world-wide fame.

"Mrs. Andrews" looks upon the hand as an open book to all who can read it, and in forty years of travel and active life she has proved to herself and to her friends the truth and worth of the science in helping the youth of both sexes to determine their career from the knowledge written in their hands, of their talents.

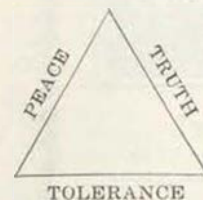
We have secured an edition of this valuable work, and as long as it lasts we will be pleased to send a copy to any of our readers at only 25 cents a copy. It is a book of 68 large pages, profusely illustrated. Address all orders, enclosing 25 cents, to MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

Co-operative Work for the Brotherhood

WITH GREETING AND SALUTATIONS TO THE MOST EXTREME
POINTS OF THE TRIANGLE



To the Princes of Peace and Members of our Holy Order and all aspiring souls: The time has come when each must put his shoulder to the wheel and with all the strength he can muster push the Chariot laden with Peace, Joy and Love to those who are needy.

Many anxious ones who read these first words may sink back in their chairs and say: "I have no strength; I am sick, unworthy, uneducated." Oh, no! my Brother, you are the one this message is for. Arouse yourself. You will find a king within—mighty, courageous and invincible. You must have faith, and if you will read Hebrews, the Eleventh Chapter, beginning at the Third Verse, and read from the third to the tenth three times, twice a day, you will feel the voice of God speaking to you. How wonderful and inspiring are these words! Listen! "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.

"From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun shall be your coast. . . .

"THERE SHALL NOT ANY MAN BE ABLE TO STAND BEFORE THEE ALL THE DAYS OF THY LIFE. AS I WAS WITH MOSES SO I WILL BE WITH THEE.

"I shall not fail thee nor forsake thee.

"Be strong and of good courage, for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land which I swore unto their fathers to give them.

"ONLY BE STRONG AND VERY COURAGEOUS, that thou mayst observe to do according to all the law which Moses, my servant, commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayst prosper whithersoever thou goest.

"This book of law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night that thou mayst observe to do according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, AND THEN SHALT THOU HAVE GOOD SUCCESS.

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

After reading the above you feel filled and thrilled with Omnipotent Life. Fear is banished, and every nerve, tissue, bone, muscle and organ of the body is VITAL with this GOD VIGOR, and you are conscious of the mighty influx of the Spirit surging through you, melting into nothingness every sense of disquietude, doubt, complaint. You then realize that you are one with the Father.

During that period of Israel's history in which they were ruled by Judges, we find they needed a deliverer, and doubtless you have read about Gideon being raised up to help them. When told by the Angel of the Lord that God was with him (my dear Brother, let the angel speak to YOU NOW), Gideon said that the Lord had forsaken Israel, and that he could not see how he (Gideon) could be their deliverer. (Gideon is so much like many of us. We forget the Lord's words to Joshua: As I was with Moses so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.) Then we read: "The Lord looked upon him and said, Go in this thy might and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites. Have not I sent thee?" Is it not enough, oh, Gideon of to-day, to know that your King and your God has sent you? Do you think, clad in His mighty armor, that there is any falling back or defeat, and do you need to fear if filled with this unconquerable Spirit of Love?

As we enter this service let us ask ourselves: For what end and for whom am I working? Why have I joined this Order? Are we working to bring any glory to ourselves or are we working for our fellow-man? The responsibility is great which rests upon each member of the Brotherhood. It is our privilege to lift the thoughts, purposes and aims of the people we come in contact with by the influence that is felt wherever we go. This influence is attained by practicing the presence of God. So beautifully simple has it been put forth by Horatio W. Dresser, in his valuable book called LIVING BY THE SPIRIT: "Simply do the best you know, then trust. He who seeks to live by the Spirit and who cares, above all, for that will not be without guidance.

"He who lives by the Spirit is a consecrated soul. He is kind, tender, gracious, broadly sympathetic and charitable. His smile reveals the sweet serenity and saintliness of his soul.

"Such a man cares most for Eternal things. He preserves the simplicity of childhood and that child-likeness which is near the Kingdom of Heaven.

"With some the Spirit speaks as devotion, philanthropy, benevolence. Some manifest it as peace, others as modesty, humility, sincerity; the noblest reveal it as love."

Put yourself, as far as possible, in the attitude of receptivity. Become as a little child. Open your mind and hear; open the entire being to receive. Think of the Spirit as immediately surrounding you like the atmosphere, waiting to be received, and so create room in yourself. Send out the thought until it enlarges to the dignity and magnitude of the universe.

Think always of the Spirit as resident in you and as the created Ideals of beauty.

Transfer your attention, little by little, from self and from sensation to the Spirit. It is hard, indeed, to attain a sense of entire oneness with the Spirit. It demands thought, patience and the ability to concentrate the mind.

Yet this is the simple, direct road. Therefore follow this, day by day and hour by hour, remembering the starting point is always to love FIRST the Spirit and to become in all humility as a little child.

Thus our ideal of Brotherhood is a life, not a theory. They know the Spirit only who live by it. Let us live, then, by the Spirit if we want power to become successful workers. Jesus, speaking only in parables, utters this one of the vineyard. He points the world from Judea to the hills of immortality where, on the sunny slopes, the vines, the broad, beautiful leaves and the aromatic petals diffuse pleasure to souls in Paradise. He unfolds to the vision a great mental, moral and social vineyard, wide as the world, and invites all in a Divine call: "Go ye into the vineyard." When the reason of childhood first appears then God calls: "Go work in my vineyard." The voice within offers a second to the motion of God, saying: "I ought to obey."

Again, at the third hour of the day when childhood becomes youth and a stronger body indicates stronger ability, a louder call demands: "Why stand ye idle all the day?"

The Omnipotent Voice comes again at mature manhood—the bright noon of ability, the sixth hour of the passing day of life—and in the solemnity of destiny, as if life were pivoted on the high balance of this noon as a turning-point, in a third call the fiery word comes from Heaven: "Go work in my vineyard."

Behold here and there a group who have toiled in the wide field from the first hour they heard the morning call! There are workers, who are still coming, and never relax their labors, but, charmed with the high command, they press on.

To one God says: "Become a missionary," and the Spirit prepares the weak mortal for the mighty task. To another: "Go teach," and He leads on to the responsible task. To another the call is: "Go work among the lowly, the prisons, in the hospitals; redeem the drunkard and reclaim the out-cast." And again we have His command: "Go preach, saying the Kingdom of Heaven (which is peace, love and eternal joy) is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." This is the Divine command. Are you spiritually deaf that you cannot hear? Are you blind that you cannot see that the fields are white and ready for the harvest?

The call is universal. Were there some tropical foliage, so dense as to prevent the penetration of the Jehovah, then might there be idle sleepers, eternally deaf. Were there some polar lands, so bleak as to be deserted of the Deity, or caves so deep and dark He could not penetrate within them, or some mountains so high He could not climb their summits, then were their inhabitants exempt from the universal call of labor. But the call is heard in every place. The landsman hears it, the mariner on the waves hears it, the laborer in the deep mine hears it, the snow-bound Arctic traveller hears it, the rude dweller under the tropical palms hears it—this sovereign voice of God calling. To idlers it thunders at the street corners and the turning-points of life; it reaches down to the half-grown youth; it stirs the reposing dreamer; it infuses unrest in the human negative; it draws the rigid line of human responsibility and demands a reason for human idleness. No man or woman has a right to be idle.

Remember you can live the life and do the work in your workshop and in your kitchen. The work of men is generally noisy and openly displayed, but woman's work is less pretentious. The toil of millions is without the sound of the trumpet. How much has the needle wrought and yet it is noiseless! How much gentle patience in the silent stitches! Seams cannot speak, for the patient worker has padlocked their mouth with stitches. Buttonholes, were they not dumb, could tell of a quiet hand which in much weariness gave them shape. The kitchen is a field of ardent toil. The steps there taken and the turns made to prepare a family meal are often equal to the steps and turns of the general taking a city, and yet they are not counted. These are small and silent duties, but they are a legion.

Then the work of example. No man liveth to himself alone. Rays go forth from a life as from the sun in his zenith. They melt and fashion and

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In "The Magic Seven" we have the clearest and most concise statement of the practical utilization of mental and occult forces for business success and individual self-mastery that I am acquainted with.
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BECOME A CRYSTAL GAZER.

That everyone has Occult or Psychic Power is hardly doubted by the Scientific people of the day. But, in most cases it is latent or undeveloped. This power can be developed, and the best, surest and quickest way is with the aid of the Psychic Crystal.

For countless ages the Adepts and Mahatmas of India, who astonish the world of Science with their marvels, have known the power and use of the Psychic Crystal. The one thing that has kept many people from possessing one of the Crystals has been the great cost—prices of which range from \$150 to \$250 each.

A well-known writer in the "Chicago Tribune" of recent date, says in regard to Crystal Gazing: "Crystal Gazing has taken the greatest hold. To-day there are to be found in almost every house along Fifth Avenue and in the houses of most of the upper fashionable circles, some members of the family who make their daily trips to the so-called mediums, where in the quiet of some secluded and dimly-lighted room they are permitted to see in the Crystal scenes that are past."

And in not a few cases women of the 'upper ten' practice this fascinating study themselves and act as 'mediums' for their friends. For lately, it has become more generally known that 'medium' powers are not an exclusive birthright, but belong to ALL who choose to knock correctly at the door.

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renew and bless and enliven and make a world of beauty far away from the radiant centre. Deeds are monuments built by the lives of mortals which mark and mold the destiny of ages. Like the Pyramids, they remain imperishable. You must have broad views. Smoldering power must be kindled into activity which may compel Nature to yield up its hidden treasures. Broad acres, which demand the helping, tending hand of a myriad, have only here and there a noble worker. If the idle multitude would join hands to dress and keep this vineyard from gray morning to mild twilight, it would become more like a garden of God, whose blooming vines would send one general fragrance of Peace to all mankind.

Oh for broad views, open eyes, devout hearts and ready hands that will see the immensity, feel the necessity, grasp the opportunity and valiantly achieve! My Brother, in the deep recesses of your soul, do you wish to work for a reward, or is it the pleasure of doing good? Remember the striving soul is happy in the enlargement of a pure and obedient nature. Such a nature does not rise alone, for it walks with God. It can pass through lions' dens; it can walk on rough seas; it can stand the tests of earth, fire, water and air, for God is a partner. Whether your station be high or low, whether your talents be one or five, whether your purse be rich or poor, whether you are dark or fair, the command is: "WHATEVER THY HANDS FIND TO DO, DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT."

We cannot see all the results of our labors now. No man can estimate them, for they act in and on spirit. They mingle with Divine might and form many a pivot of destiny. It is our privilege to become filled with this Divine might; then our work will be effectual. The work of the Brotherhood is to help all God's creatures.

BEGIN NOW. If you are all alone in your town, go visit some sick one, comfort them, cheer them. If you can take some flowers to them, do so. If you can read to them, read something cheerful. Do this one day a week, at least. If you are strong and can watch over some afflicted one a night or part of one, do so. If you have a poor man who is addicted to strong drink, encourage him to do better; at least do not condemn him. If there is some poor outcast, speak to her lovingly; show her by your life that the path of purity is pleasant. Send kind and loving thoughts to all mankind, even to the poor dogs in the gutter and the homeless cats. Do all in your power to prevent cruelty to animals, in a loving way remembering they are part of the great Whole. Cultivate the spirit of Love.

If you have two or more friends working with you, systematize your work: Thus hold a meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 P. M. Have a little programme. Order of the meeting might be read first. Then read or repeat some beautiful, inspiring thoughts, after which go into the silence about ten minutes; longer if the Spirit dictates. Study the lessons on healing ("The Right Knock," by Helen Van-Anderson, is recommended by the Brotherhood. There are others also, any of which may be obtained of The Magazine of Mysteries) twenty minutes or a half hour. Then listen to the reports of the work. This is practical work. If you will follow these suggestions, you will be the means of forming Brotherhood Circles and cannot measure the good you may thus do. For suggestions in carrying on co-operative Brotherhood work you will find much help in Helen Van-Anderson's book, "IT IS POSSIBLE," wherein is laid out an ideal plan for such work. Close the meeting the same as the Silent Brotherhood.

You will see the instructions under that head. All members of the Brotherhood are supposed to take an active part in the Silent Brotherhood and Healing Circles, which are branches of the U. B. M. A. We would like a monthly report sent to headquarters the 19th of every month. Greetings unto you all.

Yours in Holy Love,

H. A. K. 1A.

The Inward Voice never deceives us; listen attentively to it.

What a stupid and childish habit that is which some of us have of crying before we are hurt; of being apprehensive and worried about things that never happen.

Poverty and drudgery will be banished when man knows how to draw on the Infinite for omniscience to enable him to draw on Nature's great reservoir of invisible elements. In the invisible forces of Nature lies our great power, but before we can know and control Nature internally and externally we must be illumined by Divine Light—at one with the great God.

The mighty plan of God is perfect, and listen to no one who would teach thee that there is any opposing force that can in any degree alter, change or obstruct the Grand Plan of the Omnipotent One.

The food that supplies us all with tremendous power is soul food.—A. Z.

Civilization and Progress is based upon Love, Knowledge and Wisdom—Love of the true God of Love; Knowledge that Eternal and orderly progress is divine evolution; and Wisdom to use all knowledge and all power for the good and advancement of the Whole, regardless of whether we are personally benefited or not.—The Blissful Prophet.

The religion that cannot make men angels here on earth is not my religion.—A. Z.

Indifference is good in judgment, but bad in relation, and stark nought in Religion.—William Penn.

The Power that evolves all things is involved within them. The Supreme Power is thus interiorly involved, and that which is external is but its effect. Deity is the inner thought of one's mind, the inner feeling of his heart, the strength of the muscle, the nervous fluid of the nervous system, etc., for these interior forces create the being. What man makes is made from the outside; what Deity makes is made from the inside of all things. One who does not purify the finer forces of his being, is working in opposition to, instead of in harmony with, Deity.—Lucy A. Malory.

It is passing strange that so many kind and tender souls who never give pain to any one else will give themselves so much pain by too great a zeal in some scheme to save the world. Bless your sweet and kind hearts, the world is not far out of balance and its great danger of being lost is averted. "God is in His Universe!"

Hope and hope and tell your neighbor to hope, for God will not forget you.

One universal law governs all. Man has free will, and as he uses it, is in joy or sorrow. Oh! that proud man would open his mind more to the nature of all living things—vegetable, animal and human. We can "learn that, knowing which, all will be known" from Nature—the tree, the weed, the flower, the bee, the ant, the butterfly, because all that exists are eternal parts of one Great Eternal Whole—the Universe. Newton said: "The universe is one perfect whole; all is harmony; all the evidence of one Almighty Will. Our feeble minds cannot grasp it at once, but we know from the perfection of parts it is so!"

Our unfulfilled hopes and aspirations are mere postponements—that's all.—F. H.

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THOUGHT HELD BY THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

(HELD DAILY AT 12 M.)

God works through me to will and to do His good pleasure

THOUGHT

(HELD DAILY AT 9 A.M.)

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits,
who forgiveth all thine iniquities and healeth
all thy diseases.—Psalms ciii.

Cling thou to Me!
Clasp Me with heart and mind,
So shalt thou dwell
Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought
Droops from such height; if thou be'st weak to set
Body and soul upon Me constantly,
Despair not! Give Me lower service! Seek
To read Me, worshipping with steadfast will;
And, if thou canst not worship steadfastly,
Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me!
For he that laboreth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure, find
Refuge in Me! let fruits of labor go,
Renouncing all for Me, with lowliest heart,
So shalt thou come; for, though to know is more
Than diligence, yet worship better is
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.
Near to renunciation—very near—
Dwelleth Eternal Peace!
—Arnold's Translation from the Vedas (the Hindoo Scriptures.)

We have had a great many letters asking how to form a Silent Circle. These letters have come from those desiring, above all else, to live the holy, useful life. The nearer we come to God the more we want to draw others with the cords of love to the Divine Centre. Now, dear Brothers, the great Silent is already formed. The small circle which you are to form is to be included in and a part of the Great Circle.

The first step is to sit with us in the silence at the hours specified, being faithful to observe the rules printed in the Magazine. No matter where you live, whether in the wilds of the country or the crowded streets of the city, what your profession or occupation. When the time comes for meditation, go apart and repeat the exercise, or if at the noon hour you find it impossible to be alone, pause a few moments in your work, over the planning table if you are a carpenter, in the midst of your meal if you are a cook, or any other duty, or if even this privilege seems denied you, cultivate the habit of controlling your thoughts, so that even though your hands are busy, you may remember and think of the noon meditation. In the evening arrange to be uninterrupted; your earnestness will make this, for the most part at least, entirely possible. Be thus faithful at least one week, that you may have found some of the real benefits. Then, if you have friends—one, two or more—who would like to join you, fix upon an evening; decide then and there to let nothing prevent the meeting, and meet every week at the time agreed upon for meditation upon the theme held by the Great Circle. If possible in the beginning, sing some inspiring hymn, such as "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE," and sing from your INMOST SOUL, so that your thoughts will come through a pure and holy mind. Spend at least fifteen minutes in holding the Circle theme, after which sit upright in your chair and, while drawing a deep breath, let each mentally say: "Divine," and while exhaling the breath, think Peace (inhale), Divine (exhale), Peace. Continue this nine times in perfect harmony, and realize while exhaling you are sending to the whole world a benediction from the Highest.

Begin your meeting promptly, letting no subject be discussed or mentioned in the Circle, except the one for the evening.

By adhering to these suggestions, you will find unspeakable blessings in the way of peace, poise, joy, strength and brotherly love, which must and will gladly be expressed in Brotherly service. It must be a work of love and a weeding out of selfishness, pride and ambition. The spirit ever works strong, silent and loving. Remember "As you sow so shall ye reap." Let us sow well.

All holding certificates of membership in the Silent Brotherhood will send name and address, with self-addressed, stamped envelope, to
H. A. K. I. Δ,

MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
22 North William St., New York City.

N. B.—All subscribers are entitled to membership certificates in the Silent Brotherhood.

At no time in the history of the world has there been such a great hunger and thirst for Soul Food as at the present moment. With what has passed for soul food in the past—dogma and creed and theology—the soul of man has well-nigh starved. Praise God! we now live in an age of Hope and Cheerful Optimism—the real Soul Age of this planet.

I ask for the highest help I am capable of receiving to enable me to manifest the fulness and completeness of Spirit, Soul and Body, the oneness of truth, fulness of life and the joy, peace and gladness of love. Now. Write this little prayer on a piece of paper and wear it near your heart. Morning and night read it over many times. See what it will do for you.—H. V.



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Psychology for Mothers

By MRS. EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

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"Psychology for Mothers" was commenced in the August issue. It is now published in book form, handsomely bound, at \$1.00, postpaid, or in unique pamphlet form at 50 cents. It is a most valuable series of articles by one of the foremost writers. Mrs. Merriman is now, and has been for many years, the Editor of *The Housekeeper*. We suggest that interested mothers get the bound volume, or be sure and not miss any of the articles as they are published monthly in *The Magazine of Mysteries*. It will appear in instalments in five issues.

EMERGENCY CASES

THE modern mother does not need to be told that she should not nurse her baby while angry, excited, frightened, depressed or dominated by grief. Medical books contain many warnings against this practice, and the best physicians agree with scientists that unhealthy emotions serve to poison the mother's milk, and sometimes to such an extent that the death or serious illness of the child can be traced as a direct result of the mother's ignorance or thoughtlessness in this one respect.

It is one of the many incontrovertible proofs of the power of thought which is not given sufficient consideration by those who are determined not to believe in anything except the purely materialistic.

A mother who was known to be a strong advocate of the supremacy of mind over matter was once questioned by a friend who was admiring her unusually healthy, active baby.

"And you have never given him one drop of medicine?"

"On the contrary," was the unexpected reply. "I administer his medicine every time I nurse him. I think he has never once missed taking it."

This mother had simply followed out the teachings of the doctors to their natural conclusions. "If it is possible," she said, "to so poison the mother's milk that it kills the child, it is equally possible to so medicate it that he derives greater benefit from it than would be the case if the mother were simply passive and indifferent while nursing her baby." She nursed her child at stated intervals. As the time drew near, she felt her breasts filling—an experience common to most mothers—and this was the signal for her preparation.

"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth within me," she would say reverently. "He has all power over me. He can drive out all sin, all anger, all fear, every emotion that might bring inharmonious to the body of my child. He can make me in every respect fit to minister to the little one He has given into my care. The milk which now fills my breasts is pure and well charged with all the elements my baby needs."

While the baby took his milk, the mother either talked to him, or "went into the silence," as best fitted her mood. In either case it was always a period of rest to her, enabling her to go about her work with renewed hope and strength.

"I never allow the cares and perplexities of the day to annoy me at this time," she said, "no matter how urgent they seem to be."

"How can you help it?" asked the friend.

"It is largely a matter of practice and will-power," was the reply. "Any one who is willing to try long enough can think what he pleases for at least half an hour at a time, and when he once discovers that he receives large rewards for his labors, he is going to persevere. I know, absolutely, that I gain both mentally and physically by keeping my mind on spiritual matters while nursing my baby, and I believe that the gain to my little one is equally great."

"But suppose he were to be threatened by some dreadful disease—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the mother, "but I never suppose such things. That would seem to me a very wicked waste of time, and it is just as easy to spend my precious moments declaring that he is well. I believe too much in the power of thought

to deliberately invite disease by supposing of it."

"But for the sake of the argument—for my instruction—" persisted the friend, "try to imagine that he shows every symptom of scarlet fever—you know it is in the neighborhood—what would you do?"

"First of all, I absolutely would not be governed by fear, anxiety or irresponsible nervousness. If I were not sure that I had myself under good control, I would keep away from him until I had. I would go into my room, alone, and talk with God. I do not know exactly what I would say, but it would doubtless be something like this:

"In some way, God, I have abused my trust, and disease has crept in. I must have slept at my post, but Thou, who knowest all things, knowest my weakness, also, and Thou wilt help me drive out the evil I unconsciously allowed to enter. Give me strength and courage. Give me health and hope in such abundance that I can impart both to my child according to his needs, but do Thou be with him constantly. Let me in no way interfere with Thy ministrations. Thou art all health and strength and happiness. Thou art omnipotent and omnipresent. Thy spirit is the life which filleth all things. Give it to my child in greater abundance that it may drive out this disease which threatens him."

"I could say all that," replied the questioner, gravely; "indeed, I have often made a similar prayer, but all the time I was wondering what doctor I would better send for, or what medicine I'd better give."

"I see. Your intellect agrees with the statement that God is all-powerful, but your heart denies it. There are many who claim that as a belief, but few who do so honestly. The trouble is they do not think often enough to have it become a part of themselves. When the question is put to them, they unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative, and then the matter is forgotten until some one else chances to bring it up. To really believe it, it must become a part of one's everyday life. You cannot believe it until you have affirmed it often enough to impress it upon your brain, to make it an actual part of your physical organism."

"But I have a friend who was a skeptic one day, and an earnest believer the next. The change was wrought like magic."

"I have known such cases. It is something to be grateful for. Chemists will one day be able to tell when this change has taken place, for it affects the elements of the body most decidedly. Few material scientists deny this now. But with me the change came slowly, and as the result of intelligent and persistent effort on my part. I had decided that I would believe, for I had known those to whom such belief had brought happiness, as well as great power over the ordinary events of life. I began by declaring that I did believe, but for weeks I felt as if I were simply telling a lie. Sometimes I laughed at myself, sometimes I despised myself, but I have a great deal of persistence, and I simply would not give up. Never a day passed when I did not declare that I already believed all that I wished to become a part of my life, and in two or three months I began to see results. Now my belief in God's power dominates me, as you see."

"But suppose," interposed the questioner, "that one of your children had become very ill before you became quite sure of your victory?"

"That happened, and I sent for the doc-

tor. I have always been glad I did so. You see, believing in the power of thought as I do, I find good reasons for that act. I was not strong enough, at that time, to control myself; then how could I expect to control the mind of my child and persuade it to assert its authority over the body? Besides, the thoughts of all my associates were opposed to mine, and I could not rise above it. It was better to send for the doctor. His belief in his power to effect a cure, combined with similar thought currents flowing from friends and relatives, was much better for my baby than the confusion that would have resulted had I tried to carry out ideas that had not become incorporated into my very nature."

"But you say you began this method of training your baby before you felt sure of yourself?"

"Of course I did, but never in what might be called an 'emergency case.' There is where unskilled mental scientists make mistakes. They do not take into consideration the fact that it is comparatively easy to treat when the thought of others does not interfere, but a very different matter in cases where the patient is not only to be treated, but also to be guarded against the alarming thoughts sent out by others. One must be very strong in one's belief to be able to do both. If not sufficiently strong, it is better to quiet the fears of friends and relatives by sending for a doctor. I have done that when not one drop of the doctor's medicine was administered. I believed all would be well if only outsiders were satisfied."

"And when the child recovered?"

"The doctor received the credit; but that was really of little importance, since God and I knew better."

"Now, my friend, I think I have you where I want you!" was the triumphant exclamation following this remark. "You say God does the healing, yet He could not do it if you lack in faith. If God heals, what difference does it make whether friends and relatives believe or not, or whether your faith is stronger or weaker than their fears?"

"God's power is always the same—always omnipotent. For the sake of illustration, we will say it is like electricity. We can use a small amount of electricity and get certain results; turn it on a little stronger, and the results are more powerful. As a rule, we use our own discretion in the matter, but all the while the electricity remains the same—an unexplained force with powers but half comprehended, and but partially controlled. We cannot see it; we can get but a dim idea of it through its results, as shown by the instruments we invent. Now, we will suppose that our bodies are the instruments through which God's spirit manifests itself, and that the will-power with which each one of us has been endowed controls the body, as we control the electric machine. We can turn on much or little of God's spirit as we elect, and our thoughts govern, for it is the thought which we turn."

"In the case of the baby, or the very sick, the will is either not developed, or by some reason is incapacitated. It cannot act as a well-trained master of so complicated a machine should, and the body is at the mercy of outside influences. But perhaps my will is so well trained that it can take good care of its particular instrument, and go to the rescue of another as well. It touches the thought governing that other, turns on a more powerful current of God's spirit, and the body is filled with new life and greater power. That is as clearly as I can describe what to me is a living fact needing no explanation."

This mother's explanation, above quoted, helped me very greatly once upon a time, and so I give it to you as nearly as I can recall it. It may serve you as a foundation upon which to build a principle that will please you better, serve you just as well, and be in less danger of attack from those whose lives are spent in demolishing the beliefs of others.

The advice regarding "emergency cases" is not to be lightly set aside. Unless you are very sure that your belief is strong enough to control the situation, do not invite the antagonistic thoughts of relatives and friends, but give them an opiate by sending for a doctor. Then if you decide against the medicine left by the doctor, do not invite antagonistic thoughts by saying so. Remember that it is just as easy for God's spirit to render drugs harmless as to cure the results of wrong thinking. Give the medicine, if it is necessary to silence the fears of friends, and pray God to bless it. I believe that many of those who have

died while under the care of Christian scientists, mental scientists, faith curists, or any other similar school, might have been saved had the fears of friends and relatives been given an opiate; and, to work satisfactorily, this opiate must be on a plane which they can understand and are willing to accept.

If you begin early enough with your child, there is little danger of an "emergency case"; but do not let your zeal outweigh your good sense. Unless you know yourself to be equal to the situation, allow the doctor to be sent for, even though his medicines are afterward fed, dose by dose, to the slop-jar. Do not hesitate, thinking you may be ridiculed. What do you care for public opinion so long as God and you understand the situation? Your faith should give you courage that could not falter before the fear of ridicule or criticism.

And now, regarding infectious diseases, so-called: When such a manifestation of wrong thought appears in your home so that it is apparent at all, it is rather late for you to declare there is no such thing. Declarations should have been made that rendered its appearance impossible. Your failure in that respect should bring you face to face with the fact that your practice has not been equal to your belief, so far as your own family is concerned. Error has crept in, in spite of you, and you have less of God's spirit than the occasion required. Instead of denying the manifestation, try to drive it out by increasing your supply of God's spirit. You have shown a weakness; then what right have you to declare such weakness impossible? Be wise, and abide by the laws of the community in which you live. Place yourself under quarantine, if such an act is required of you, and rest in the thought that you have done what you could to modify the antagonism of your neighbor.

Be philosophical. Think what opportunities you now have to get nearer to God! There is no one, now, to interfere, for prying neighbors are shut out. In obeying the laws of your country, you have given yourself opportunity to get a firmer grasp upon God's laws, and if you use your time to good advantage, the thing called contagious disease will not again invade the sacred precincts of your home.

A certain sensible mother, who did not believe in vaccination, found herself in a community where her children must be vaccinated or deprived of school privileges. It was at a time and place where the prejudices of parents were not taken into consideration. This mother really believed God's power to be omnipotent, and her children had been trained to share her faith.

"We find ourselves in a position," she told them, "where we must submit to the wishes of the majority. There is no use in making a fuss about it. The majority would not understand our reasoning. But no one can harm us so long as we are filled with the spirit of God. Let the doctor vaccinate you. It will not hurt you in any respect, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and now let us strengthen ourselves with a little silent talk with God." A half hour was spent in soul-communion, and then she sent the children to the doctor. The operation was looked upon by them in the nature of a joke; but the vaccine did not work, although it was applied more than once.

This is an actual fact. That mother still lives, but she refuses to allow her name to be mentioned, in this connection, as she is not fond of publicity. But if she were only one of a large majority, how much less strife there would be in the world, and how quickly would questions be settled that are now kept alive by the force of antagonism! What the world needs is a little more working belief in the power of God, and a great deal less quarrelling about it. It is a question not for debate but for exemplification.

GIVE BABY TIME

In her desire to secure the world's applause for her baby, the modern mother is too apt to overlook some very important duties that fall to her lot as guardian over a growing home for a soul. She is too apt to underestimate the dangers peculiar to disinterested friendships, or to petty rivalries, and in her struggle for the gilded bauble, she is in danger of forgetting the really desirable jewel.

In this age of high-pressure speed, of hastily-completed work that can endure but a day, the time required by Dame Nature for the completion of her handiwork seems absurdly long. It taxes our patience, and we try to discover methods whereby our

laws of growth may be hastened. We stimulate the little human plant until it is as frail as the hot-house flower, and in our joy over mental precociousness, lose sight of the fact that a body has been built which is likely to beckon disease as long as there is life in it. There is always danger in inharmonious development. Remember that, and let the little body grow harmoniously. It cannot be perfect unless it perfectly represents the soul within it, and you must remember that you cannot know what that soul is like. You cannot doubt its goodness, because you believe it comes from God, but although it is a part of your own little baby, you must take it on trust. You plant a flower-seed, then stand aside and let it grow. You can prune the young plant or dwarf it, or train it into grotesque shapes, or you can nurture it and give it the opportunities it needs for perfect development, but you cannot train the dandelion into a rose.

The wise mother will give her little human plant the best of opportunities for development, trusting that God knew what He was about when He planted that particular soul in the body newly prepared for it.

It may be gratifying to the pride to have a child who studies Latin at three years of age, or preaches sermons at five; but history teaches that the great work of the world has not been done by prodigies, and observation proves that children of slower development are usually more satisfactory to parents, taking one year with another. Why, according to record, even the child Jesus was not heard from until his twelfth year!

When the mother accepts the thought that the soul, being a part of God's spirit, and in direct communication with the source of all knowledge, must know a vast deal more than the little body can express, she then places herself where she can reap the wonderful joys of motherhood that are passed, unrecognized, by women who see their children only through the eyes of the world.

"What is it, Baby, that you are trying to express?" will be their constantly-repeated prayer.

Such mothers will talk to their babies, while sleeping, somewhat in this style:

"You are not to be hurried or hindered, Baby. Take your own time and grow harmoniously. You know best what sort of a body you require. Build it strong and beautiful and harmonious, and according to your needs. There must be no weak points, for that would bring inharmonious. You have a great work to do in the world, Baby, and as you grow older a part of your forces must not be diverted to the care of a poorly-constructed body. Mother will watch over you. Mother will not hurry you. She does not want your great, wonderful soul to be confined in an insufficient home during all its life here on earth. Let your body become a perfect dwelling-place for your soul, Baby, and when you find expression, you and I will bless God together."

Can you not see how jealously a mother with such ideas would watch over her growing child? She could not allow his brain to be forced to abnormal growth, knowing that the nervous system was thereby in danger of being robbed, and that inharmonious would be the result in any case, for abnormality always means lack of harmony, nor could she insist that he should take up any line of endeavor when the soul within him longed for expression along some entirely different line. She would understand that God's wishes, not hers, are to be carried out, and that true motherhood means working with God, not against Him.

There are some mothers who, having given a superficial study to what is known as the "new thought," strive to prove their allegiance to this thought by committing all manner of recklessness.

"I allow my children to eat what they like," they say, "and I never inquire as to whether or not they have dry feet, or when they put on flannels. God can take care of them better than I. I refuse to surround them with an atmosphere of fear."

That sounds well, and there is a certain amount of truth in what they say; but since these mothers recognize fear to such an extent that they guard against it, why not recognize common-sense to an equal extent, and invite its presence? As has often been said, it is possible to accustom the body to the presence of active poisons, but is it wise? Might not the force thus expended be used to better advantage? Might not the force used in resisting the effects of wet feet be more wisely expended? Where is the sense in holding the

hands in the fire, and declaring that God will not let them burn? Such an exhibition might be necessary, on occasion, to demonstrate God's care over His children, but what real good would result from prolonging it indefinitely?

It is impossible to estimate the amount of nerve force expended in an attempt to teach the nothingness of matter—the unreality of everything save spirit—for every such explanation involves the use of words that express just what these teachers would have us deny, and the lessons given us seem to be a conglomeration of affirmations and denials truly puzzling to the reasoning faculties.

There may be but one road to Heaven, but this road seems to present such difficult aspects to the various travelers that, to listen to their descriptions of their experiences, one would think each hewed out a path for himself.

Some prefer to stop and quarrel over every pebble, others climb over every boulder without even so much as seeing it. To me, it doesn't seem to be a part of wisdom to waste force in building little difficulties along the way just for the pleasure of blowing them into nothingness. It does not alter the facts to declare that there is or is not reality in matter. To quarrel over the question does not add to our knowledge, so why quarrel? Some day we shall know the truth so well that dispute will be impossible. I am perfectly willing you should cling to the belief that gives you most assistance on your journey through life. It is easier for me to declare that the body is the earthly home of the soul than it would be to deny its existence. I like to think of it as a gift from God, who would not be pleased if we abused it. This belief does not require constant reiteration from me, because it is as much a part of me as my brain is. I have no straw giants by the roadside to engage in deadly battle, and my force can, therefore, be expended in going ahead with what I deem the real work of the world.

Now, if this belief does not please you, don't try to accept it; but if you can take it for granted that the body is the home of the soul, its earthly means of expression, will you not also consider it right to declare that it shall be properly cared for?

Through the lips of the body must come the spoken word that is to make us whole. Let us not build so carelessly that all our time must be spent in declaring that we are well and strong. It is wiser to be well and strong from the beginning, and able to use our words in declaring health and strength for others.

And so, dear mothers, do not neglect the little bodies placed in your care, but give them every opportunity to grow harmoniously, that great deeds may be accomplished when the soul has tuned its earthly instrument. And that your guardianship may not be weakened by fear and anxiety, keep with you that faith in God which is the only true philosophy. The world will not come to an end should the child go with wet feet for half an hour! You have only to make his soul understand that its dwelling-place is not to suffer permanent injury by such carelessness. Speak the word firmly, fearlessly and with decision, then dismiss the matter, believing that all will be well.

Instead of feeding any form of poison, and declaring that no harm can come from it, give such food as the body will thrive upon, and let your declarations be of higher import than a mere nullification of your own silly acts or weak carelessness. Keep your reasoning faculties in good working order, and act accordingly, then rest assured that greater knowledge will be given you as you prove your power to make use of it.

(To be continued.)

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Ideal Thoughts

If you get beauty and naught else besides,
You get about the best thing God invents.

It is deplorable to note some people who pride themselves on their strong Will-Power, but who cannot apply it where its use would accomplish the most good. How many do depend upon their Will-Power to keep them in health?—*Dr. J. A. Eichwaldt.*

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever 'round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead."

"Out of the Infinite cometh repose,
Out of the Infinite pains surcease;
Heart of the Man and Heart of the Rose,
Out of the Infinite cometh peace."

"Rich is that universal self whom thou worshipp'st as the soul."

THE Spiritualist knows that the life that now is on the Earth-plane shapes the life that is to be.

SPIRITUALISM saves us from the fear of "death" by giving a knowledge of eternal life.

ALL of us are children of the one Living and Mighty God, and all shall reach perfection and bliss some time, somewhere.

THE religions of the past have said to women to keep silence; while Modern Spiritualism bids her speak, "for she is the herald of truth, the mouthpiece of the Angels."

POVERTY often means disease, sorrow, grief, ignorance, degradation, woe, misery, vulgarity and loafing; or, rather, these seeming effects of poverty are really the cause of poverty.

God is good; love Him.

God is Light and Life, Health and Bliss; the more divine one is, the more Light, Life, Health and Bliss he has.

THE ignorant are slaves to the wise, and rightfully so; get Understanding, Knowledge and Wisdom, and be Free.

It is of infinite concern to you what you are, but of minor importance what people say about you.—*Rev. Dr. James E. Diverty.*

THERE is nothing noble in being superior to some other men. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.—*Hindu Sayings.*

God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste
That lifts him into life and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
—*Cowper.*

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker; but he that honoreth Him hath mercy on the poor.—*Proverbs.*

A DAY will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as instruments of torture are now, and the people will be astonished that such a thing could have been.—*Victor Hugo.*

WE live as we think. Our mental bodies and physical development grow according to our thoughts. Aspire always that you may grow perfect, even as God is perfect, and you will get a correct understanding of how to develop a very high type of manhood or womanhood, both physically, mentally and spiritually.

HEALTH, vigor, youth, cheerfulness, a sunshiny disposition—which always means a long and happy life—are always due to pure and high thought. All the agreeable sensations come through agreeable thoughts—pure thoughts. Disease is not known to the pure and high-thinking. An unclean mind means an unclean body; a body impure and ill at ease—diseased.

MUSIC was a thing of the soul, a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea, a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.—*J. F. Holland.*

To-Day

THIS day, of all days, I will start with thoughts of gentleness, kindness, good temper, courage, decision; indeed, in high and gentle thought this will be the most profitable day I have ever spent.

My thoughts shall be so pure, clean and even-tempered that nothing will disturb or destroy my peace of mind.

This day I will meet all disturbing elements with love and kindness and pass them by as thin air; nothing this day shall disturb or destroy my gentle temper; my thoughts must be so pure that THIS DAY there will not be a clash or friction between myself or any man, woman, child or beast.

Everything TO-DAY must be serene and restful. I MUST START THIS DAY, OF ALL DAYS, WITH GOOD, HEALTHFUL THOUGHT, no hurried or impatient thought.

THIS IS THE DAY I MUST BE PATIENT, and not fretful, impatient, hurried, irritable or ill-tempered.

Get into a reposeful and deliberate, thoughtful mood with the above affirmations.

By thinking purely and in an imaginary way about everything—animate and inanimate—in the world, we are then beginning to understand creation, nature, its past, present and future. When we think of all things purely and inquiringly we are desiring and aspiring to know God's ways, and will then begin to know God; divine wisdom will then be given us; we will get our first real glimpse of God and Heaven and feel that divine ecstasy of which seers, poets and philosophers feel. Then it is that the world and all that is in it will be beautiful, and we will have that God-love which is so often referred to as brotherhood of humanity.

THE right to think is a sacred and holy trust, and if we think purely and nobly we build about our thoughts a pure and noble body. Perfect man is created by perfect thought. The laws controlling thought are the same over bad thought as pure thought; if you fill your mind with inharmonious images, your own image or character will reflect these pictures in disease, ill temper, discord, unhappiness and discontent.

Man's Duty

MAN must have high ideals, high hope, an aspiration to build a grand, good character. If a man does not care for himself his progress is retarded or stopped.

The real, vital, energizing forces in man which force him always onward and upward are a thorough belief that he is put here for a grand purpose, and that it is his duty to do his part.

To arouse a keen desire for perfect manhood or womanhood—a grand and noble aspiration to be perfect—we must concentrate our thoughts on perfectly pure things; then, when we once begin to think purely, forces for making strength, vigor, high health, joy, peace, happiness, tranquility, will rush to us in torrents as to almost overwhelm the soul with blissful contentment. Strengthen the soul by pure thought, and the puny body will become vigorous and robust. The body obeys the soul; it is the servant of the soul.

MAN must persistently strive to infuse into himself a spirit of love, faith, hope and enthusiasm and earnestness for all that is high, clean, pure, grand and lofty in mankind. When he does this he will become vitalized with a force and power that will make him loved and very magnetic.—*Frank Harrison.*

HIGH and pure thinking will bring much happiness, in that it will teach us self-control.

PURITY always means power. Pure, sincere thought carries with it immense force and power; it is creative and constructive—it is life-giving. All the vital life forces are only expressions of pure thought, and can only have as their source high thought; while corruptive, destructive and corrosive forces are always the offspring of impure thought. The pure, clear, cool, sparkling spring water is exhilarating, reviving, has grand life-giving qualities; the sluggish, impure waters of the stagnant swamp have death-dealing, destructive elements in each drop. One builds up, the other tears down.

Low thought withers and dwarfs us mentally and physically.

INSANITY, melancholy and physical ills are the result of bad thinking in either ourselves or our ancestors.

KEEP uppermost in your mind at all times a desire for the good of all.

The Source of Life Sufficient for Health

THE physical mechanism of life-function is constructed upon the cell as a unit, the multiplication of which makes more complex organism possible. In this minute organism, which is constantly receiving the closest study by students of biology, a point is reached where vital phenomena apparently stand alone. Chemical and physical laws mingle in helpful degree in the more complex functions and to an extent here, but at this point vital phenomena appear to occur quite independently. Here lurks that ever-present mystery of life which cannot be defined in the terms of matter, says Joseph Stewart, in *Realization*.

With a nicety of learning the physiologist traces the mode of manifestation in the heart-beat, noting the efferent nerve-impulse which proceeds from the controlling centre modified by the afferent nerve-impulse arriving from other parts, all nicely adjusting the mechanism and actuating the rhythmical action of the heart-muscles; but what happens at that moment in the nerve-cell from which the mysteriously determined impulse is sent forth he does not know and cannot describe in terms of matter.

Given the laws of unorganized matter, science is continually endeavoring to state the vital process in its terms—and continually fails. The laws of the diffusion of dissolved substances have been supposed to explain intestinal absorption; but the most recent investigation has shown that when all conditions for the operation of this law are absent, the cells will select and absorb into the blood the substances presented. Nor will the laws of ordinary filtration explain; for the pressure in the capillaries which take up the substance may be greater than that outside of them.

The subliminal consciousness holds within its potentials the sufficient power of expression, and that expression through the organism, even to the individual cell, is the phenomenon of life. It emerges upon the physical plane in but one form of matter—protoplasm. It secures its initial relation there in the construction of the simple cell, and through the multiplication of this point of advantage constructs the mechanism needful for expression, constructing every cell for this purpose and building them into a perfect mechanism, it controls its every function with unremitting labor and care. In the activities of this consciousness we have life, and in its perfect functioning we must look for health. Though consciousness persists, life may cease when those activities cease. Health may be impaired whenever the perfect relation and interaction are disturbed or a false expression is originated. Health, apparently so simple a thing, is therefore very complex; and the reasons that tend toward its impairment and the means that contribute to its preservation are correspondingly diverse.

But back of every means is a psychological factor which bears a direct relation to the result. Consciousness and mind, by reason of the very constitution of the body, must be the author of physiological changes. There is, indeed, chemism which the vital power utilizes and originates; but mind is present in all vital changes.

The Faith Within You

SOME persons profess themselves to be so grossly constituted that they must have positive proofs for every assertion. If such persons are sincere, my present words will not interest them, and I therefore direct my attention to those more sensitive entities who are sufficiently in attune with the Infinite to take something upon trust. Mathematics is the only science capable of demonstration, since to demonstrate anything is to give proofs of truths unvarying and unalterable. From a careful study of psychic phenomena I have found sufficient to justify within me my faith therein.

Now let us understand what faith is. Webster says it is "belief; the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting solely and implicitly upon his truth and veracity; reliance on testimony."

It seems to me the simplest, clearest and best definition of faith is that given by Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." One cannot but be impressed in all of Paul's writings with his lofty tribute to faith. The sweetest, dearest heritage that is mine is the groundwork of my own simple faith, learned at the knee of my mother. It was the solid foundation upon which she based a long and good life. To me it is priceless, and all that the world's school of doubting philosophy can hurl against it shakes not the Gibraltar on which I stand.—*C. E. S.*

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

GMERSON says: "Sturdy and defying though a man look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is after all the idea after which all his facts are classified."

This is the root, so to speak, of his character and the influence or quality which radiates from him. Whether he will or no, he has this character quality. It may be refined and spiritual or crude and coarse. It is a subtle emanation from the very fibre of his thoughts and feelings. It partakes of the color of his moods and aspirations, his tastes and desires. It is elevating or depressing according to his feeling. It reaches out into the spaces where men walk and women work. Like the breath that goes forth invisibly to mingle with the common air, this character quality mingles with the common quality that makes the world of human feeling. It has its part to perform in making that realm of feeling (composed as it is of loves and hates, disappointed hopes or expectant joys) a sunny realm or a darkened tent where human beings live and die.

Have you never felt, when walking along the street, as though you were winged and could, if you would, leave the struggling earth and soar to a realm of freedom and joy? Then you were alert and quickened with a new energy, a more positive happiness. In that moment your quality was warm, penetrating, inspiring. It left you on its mission of hope and song. It touched all those who could be impressed with your light-heartedness, your faith, joy and almost tangible power, for this emanation from your very being carries with it your characteristics. With whomsoever it makes connection, it gives a measure of yourself—i. e., your character. It unites with the quality of any person or persons with which it has affinity and returns to you with a different combination of itself in added or impoverished excellence. Persons making close connection with this quality may be impressed sufficiently to trace and analyze it, or they may unconsciously incorporate it into their own lives. If it is good, it becomes a definite influence for good, and even though you may never know the tangible results of your character quality, it is none the less making the world better or worse according to its nature.

Beware of the helm that guides you—"the idea after which all your facts are classified"—for this makes character.

Don't think of yourself as poor, inefficient and luckless. If that idea is your helm, be sure it will take you into troubled waters. Thoughts and things will be of a kind. The poverty thought will make you buy the cheapest suit of clothes, the cheapest dress goods; will make you take the second-hand carpet, the auctioneered piano or the patched-up machine. You will find yourself gravitating to the house that sags and stands on a weedy street, "because the rent is cheaper." You will eat stale food for the same reason. You will offer your services at half price and then, even without intending it, give half-price service.

Why? Because you are cheap. Because you have stamped and sealed your own thought of yourself upon everybody's mind, as well as your own; upon your clothing, your home, your work. Everything about you shouts in stentorian tones: Cheap!

Does this mean you are never to buy except of the most costly, never to reduce your price for worthy ones who are struggling with loads too heavy to bear?

No! A thousand times no, dear heart. It simply means you are to have the right idea of the value of a Soul, that you are to base your character upon what you are, not what you happen to have been born with as to material possessions or opportunities; that you are at all times and under all conditions to remember that you have inherent powers that ought to be used for creating conditions, making opportunities and at all times causing you to walk the earth as a master rather than a slave, as one who can give generously of service or time or money because he chooses thus to give, because his heart spontaneously offers itself, rather

than as one who is afraid not to give or who, for politic reasons, announces to give something for nothing, as in service for half price.

In the meantime do your best to actualize your ideal. This is the secret of prosperity.

Be just always to yourself as well as to others. Stand as one who, looking clear-eyed over the work of the day, says to his servants: "Do this, do that and do it well," and fears no one, being the master. For should you not be master over your thoughts and forces? They are your servants. This can never be if you are afraid of anything. Put away fear, then—all kinds of fear—but fear of poverty, fear of sickness, fear of death, fear of evil, fear of God. These are roots that bear dreadful fruit. Pluck them up, throw them where the sun of knowledge will scorch and wither and kill them.

Try putting a new value upon yourself, your Soul—that is yourself.

Put as a seed into your mind the thought that you can afford the best. Try doing your work so well, you can justly command the best price. If you make preserves and jelly for a living make them of the best materials and of the best quality. If you keep books and add columns of figures, do it to the best of your ability. If you sweep streets, do it as if you were waiting on the king. Put into the freshly plowed garden of your mind all varieties of seed of THE BEST.

Try for a week to see that you sow no other seed, and that you carefully water and attend to this; that is, think the best of yourself, your opportunities, your work. Look for the best to come to you.

Even if you go hungry a few meals, keep your thought right—i. e., joyous, expectant, steadfast.

Be as fair to this thought seed in your mind garden as you would to the peas and beans and lettuce in your vegetable garden.

Try to be as patient and as industrious in making this garden fruitful as you would be with the other.

Try it six weeks and see what you will get.

Another word on this subject of thinking for yourself. Dear heart, cultivate your individuality by deciding your own questions, choosing your own companions, work, environment. You may be a young woman facing a proposition of marriage. Let common sense and your own heart decide for you. Do not, from a morbid conscientiousness and just because you have always before left matters to your mother, your aunts or your friends, leave to them this matter. It is of vital importance that you choose for yourself, that not only in this but in all affairs, you learn to use and rely upon your own judgment.

It is equally important, whoever you are or what your station or occupation, that you depend on your own forces. You have them all. Why not use them? Could a man ever expect to become an athlete if he never exercised his muscles? Can you, oh, my friend, ever become the calm, wise, self-reliant, masterful decider of great questions (and all questions are great because of their momentous consequences) and doer of great things if you weakly give over to some one else your power of judgment and your divine privilege of being the arbiter of your own destiny—of showing forth your God-likeness?

Nay. Be your best, be yourself.

The more you practice self-reliance, the more self-reliant you become.

The more you take charge of your own affairs, the more capable you will be.

To you who are timid and fearful and have no confidence, let me whisper a secret: The Great God has given of Himself to every Soul, therefore to You. You have in you the God power of judgment, of wisdom, of Push! (That last seems a very commonplace word, but never mind, when your thought of yourself is commonplace, you need a commonplace, every-day fire-brand to make you stir from your slough of despond.)

Can you accept this idea: That you have as much of God's Almighty as you choose to appropriate?

Why not? You never questioned your right to the sunlight, the air or the breath your body draws! Why should you question your right to good judgment—to individual rights?

Is there any reason, any real reason, for your cringing fear, except your own thought of yourself? Take your Self, your petty, fearful, bemoaning Self out of your horizon. See your soul, great because God-endowed, serene, wise, patient, strong in being and doing because God-filled. Then live up to your vision of the ideal. You can.

Three things that impressed me during vacation journeys:

First—Two magnificent estates on the road leading from a small station on the Hudson River. Both with large grounds, beautiful lawns, with flowers, fountains, luxuriant trees and homes of stately proportions. One owned by a man of sixty, living alone with the exception of servants, and said to be worth \$30,000,000. He has never been known to have a guest.

The other estate, owned by a lone widow, a grandmother, whose most hospitable concession is that occasionally her grand-children may dine with her. They are never to remain over night.

Second—The warm gratitude, springing like a sparkling fountain from the heart of one who has little of this world's goods, yet gave heartily, insistently, of her widow's mite.

Third—The kind voice and generous courtesy of a railroad official who stood at the gate to punch tickets, yet had a pleasant word and smile for everybody.

There was universal Brotherhood in his voice!

DEAR ONES:

Through every day of beauty or of pain
May Love's white pillar lead the shining way.

Through every night of starlight or of rain
May cloud of fire turn darkness into day.

The purpose of our existence is evidently spiritual perfection, the attainment of the beautiful, exalted life of the Christ. We are not always to be creatures of habit and the flesh. We are to be masters, creators, men.—Horatio Dresser.

Old legends tell us of a Golden Age,
When earth was guiltless—gods the guests of men.

Ere sin had dimmed the heart's illumined page,
And prophet voices say 'twill come again.

O happy age! when Love shall rule the heart
And time to live shall be the poor man's dower.

When martyrs bleed no more nor exiles smart;
People, it ripens now. Awake! and strike the hour!

—Gerald Massey.

To hold as't were, the mirror up to Nature.

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Is the direct reflection of nature. It is the whole wheat—nothing added and nothing taken away. It is the NATURAL food intended by nature for man's use because it contains all the properties in correct proportion necessary to nourish every element of the human organism. Man's ignorance as to the uses of the different parts of the wheat was originally accountable for the removal of portions of it in order to make white flour. Custom and habit are accountable for the continuance of this vital error. Faulty bones and teeth, weak bodies and minds are the result of the white flour eating "practice." Shake off the pale, sickly yoke and nourish every part of your God-given mind and body with NATURAL food. Thrust the white bread eating habit firmly aside—be well and strong and "Dare do all that may become a man."

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"That which exists is one: Sages call it variously."—*Rig-Veda*, I, 164, 46.

INVOCATION

"O ETERNAL TRUTH! how blessed and happy are those who listen to thy divine inspirations, who hide thy words in their hearts, that they may never sin against thee!" Eternal Wisdom of the Omniscient One, I invoke thy light that my mind may be clear and free from all vain imaginations and idle speculations; that I may write down nothing of myself but only thy precious words that they may fire and inspire souls to thirst and hunger for only Truth and Wisdom for the honor and glory of God, the Blessed Father of all Truth. Amen.

THE absorbing mystery in all ages is the riddle of our lives here on this planet. What is it all about? What is this mysterious force we call Life—this distinction between living and lifeless things? What is Spirit? What is matter? And so on, in all ages, man has marveled and inquired into the cause and purpose of all these mysterious powers and forces back of causes and effects, and out of all his thinking he has reached much truth and some error. Each succeeding day, year, age—cycle—lifts the soul a degree or more into the Infinite Universal realm of Eternal Light—Omniscience.

Science says: "The best method of reaching truth is that of a sympathetic study of the facts before us—that is, by induction, and by a broad, careful, systematic inference, by making the light about us ever wider, and fearlessly attacking the mystery beyond. Darkness and half-truths are thus progressively merged into light and larger truths, and the world of the known becomes ever greater and more satisfying. Let us renounce deduction, theories clutched out of the air, word-wars, and logical juggling, and fix our minds to a perception of facts and a systematic interpretation of them."

The Holy Mystic Adept in the search of "that, knowing which, all is known," in a systematic and orderly way acquires knowledge and wisdom from all available sources. He thinks and lives in the Universal Mind and is never partial; his only aim, aspiration and theme is Oneness—union with the Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipotent One. By persistent and indefatigable thought to know, he sooner or later is rewarded by small bits of light and knowledge from the Infinite Source of Truth that in turn lead him, like the scientist, from darkness and half-truths into light and larger truths. To know Truth is his only aspiration. In time, all persistent aspiration is rewarded by fulfillment. The Most High never fails to reveal knowledge and wisdom to an aspiring soul. So, in search of Truth, we must have at first a burning thirst for her.

The first bits of Truth and Knowledge and Wisdom that come to the mind of the true searcher is that Truth is never partial to any one man-invented system or scheme of acquiring knowledge; that Truth is the all in all and through all; that no one religion, philosophy or science contains all Truth; that these are only channels or parts of one grand whole, through each of which some truth comes; that to gather the sweet honey of Truth we must, like the bee, enter many sweet and beautiful flowers, blossoms, of noxious weeds, ripe and decaying fruit and the mire of stagnant ponds. The ancient Hindu Adepts say that some good comes out of all so-called bad, and some bad out of all so-called good.

The discerning mind sees Truth in all things, all places, all states. She is omnipresent, ever ready to enlighten and serve the impartial searcher. It is only when we can see Truth in some one scheme or plan or theory that we are unbalanced, and without poise or centre.

So, the well-rounded man of great knowledge and wisdom is never deformed—never

lop-sided. He has reached his high degree of perfection by countless methods and experiences—prayer, meditation, aspiration, religion, philosophy, science, play and work, prosperity and adversity, etc. No one method carried him to the goal; it was his sane relation to all things and all methods; his broad thinking and liberal tolerance of all methods.

When we take such a small view of the great God as to think that He has locked up all Truth in any one book, religion, philosophy or creed we close and seal our minds to Omniscience and live in that black darkness of all darkness—bigotry, ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, fear and doubt. Then we become the smallest part of the great Whole—small and bad actors in the great and grand Universal Drama of Life. The great soul binds itself with no illusions or delusions. The great soul prays for Truth, Light, Knowledge and Wisdom and that it may be free from all small and narrow and limited thoughts of God, man or the Universe.

The riddle of Life is solved when we fully realize that all life in the universe is one; that all life is intelligent and orderly because it is the Blessed One we call All-good God. The stars (suns), planets, men, animals, trees, plants, atoms are all held together and sustained by this one great, omnipresent, eternal force called Life. O Blessed One! Thou art all there is. Thou art the creator and created, the sustainer and that which is sustained, the perceiver and the perceived, the attracter and the attracted, the formed and the formless, Thou art me and I am Thee. Ecstasy and bliss indescribable! We are all of us awake, and we are one with the Blessed Omnipresent One, the Eternal God.

Great souls have a great God. Small minds cannot comprehend the great Truth, and live in small spheres with a small, petty tyrant God. The Scientist who is agnostic lives on the same plane with the fanatical and bigoted religionist who is not scientific. Each represents an extreme type in two partial systems that propose to solve the Great Riddle. In a while the scientist reaches a great stone wall and finds that he must appeal to the religionist or spiritual man to help him mount the wall; this is equally true of the religious man—in time he, too, tires of groping in the dark and asks the loan of the scientist's lantern. Therefore, in this age of Light and Progress we see Religion becoming scientific and Science becoming religious. Blessed Age! We see men God-like and with divine wisdom because they are broad, liberal and tolerant. We are fast learning that we can woo, win and worship Truth at all shrines, and that all men, irrespective of religion, sect or creed, are first and last eternal children of one great, eternal, loving Father!

The appearance of difference between the so-called saint and sinner—the good and the bad—is only an appearance; that spiritual evolution and physical evolution, or scientific religion, or religious science clearly explains to the wise man of knowledge that all souls are in different degrees of evolution or unfoldment; that sometime, somewhere in the past the saint of to-day was the sinner of yesterday, and that sometime, somewhere in the future the sinner, through so-called time, experience, the Light of Truth and Wisdom, will wear the robes of the saint. The Soul is Eternal. It is. Nothing comes from it; it comes from nothing. Uncreated, eternal soul, to serve God, is manifesting in countless billions of forms, in countless billions of cycles and degrees, all for a divine and grand purpose—the perfection of a planet. Thus is the Evolution theory of the scientist made understandable. It is the eternal work of the mighty soul—the Great Evolution; the eternal going forward, onward and upward of the soul changing and arranging matter in an intelligent and orderly way that in

time this wonderful and beautiful planet may be a paradise. The theory of Reincarnation of the soul through almost endless, great cycles, each incarnation adding knowledge, understanding, wisdom—Truth—until it comes into full and complete consciousness of its true relation to God and is a perfect being, placed alongside Mr. Darwin's theory of Evolution, will open the mind, heart and soul to Truth as nothing else will.

Some of the Holy Mystics say that all manifestations of life we see on this planet, whether in the vegetable, animal or human being, are the expression of a great and eternal soul that is gladly willing to sink into the Lethe of Matter, for ages, to carry on the necessary work of the process of building and completing a planet; that it comes from and is a part of Eternal Life, and comes from Life, manifests through Life and eventually after its work is done returns to Life, which it is. In the Great Evolution the eternal soul goes to sleep, dreams and awakes. In the words of Froebel: "From Life, Through Life, To Life."

Any reasoning and observing man can readily see that this world would be in a sorry plight at this stage of evolution if every soul on the planet were suddenly awakened to consciousness. Men and women, as they evolve and unfold and reach higher states of consciousness, develop soul and mental powers that make the physical embodiment finer and at the same time decreasing muscular and physical strength. At the present time there is, and for some time to come will be, tremendous muscular and physical force needed, and as long as this rough service is required men will not be awakened to their highest consciousness.

"In entering matter, God, in a sense, does enter a 'river of Lethe,' in so far as there is evidently that degree of task-setting, or allotment of the divine attributes required to carry on the necessary work of the process of evolution."

The dogmas and theory of creation, original sin, of time, beginning and end, a punishing and rewarding God, the salvation of the soul, are the creations of the mind, and possibly in the Dark Ages, when they were most believed in, held in check men with brutal and vicious tendencies. But in this enlightened age, when the soul yearns and yearns for love, light, truth and wisdom and the mind is progressive and optimistic and will be only satisfied with the Truth, which is always cheering, man will have none of these dreams of the air. The age is too scientifically religious and too religiously scientific to accept anything but the Truth.

This is the beginning of the real Spiritual or Soul Age. Men are nearer to God now than ever before. God is not a failure, no matter how much some of the alleged religionists may claim. Light, Knowledge and Wisdom, by the grace of the great and loving God, are now pouring into the world through a million channels. Compare the present day with the day of Caesar, or Jesus, or Cromwell. Cruel, dark days! Go back only one hundred years in this country and behold ignorance, bigotry, intolerance and fanaticism rampant, and tell me that we do not progress.

There is not a pessimist or preacher who hangs much on the degeneracy of the present time who would live back in the early part of this century.

When we calmly learn from history, science, art, religion, philosophy and observation we are astounded and marvel at the beautiful and orderly progress we see in this world at every hand.

Oh, no! God has not failed with this beautiful planet of ours.

No man is a failure, or is lost; he is only sleeping. "God is love," and is the loving Father of All. Broaden and enlarge your mind and soul and heart and let in the full blaze of Truth which plainly says: God never fails! Ultimately all souls must reach the same goal. Can the omnipotent Father of Love and Mercy fail to gather and clasp all His children to His bosom one of these days?

Let us listen to Truth and Sense and Reason and be free from all bias and prejudice and realize we are Eternal Souls, at one with the One Great Soul of this universe, and that our greatest sins are our fears, our doubts, our bigotry and our intolerance. When we can do that, we will enter the Path of Eternal Light, Truth and Bliss.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

"If Christ has given a blessing to one, it is that he may communicate it to his brethren."

A Startling Experience

By F. T. Gordon



THE greatest difficulty is experienced in gaining any information concerning the secrets of the high-caste fakirs, so closely do they guard them from the profane mind, transmitting their stores of knowledge only to their chosen disciples. Then, too, the centuries of flesh diet and widely different manner of living have set up a barrier between men of the European races and these vegetarian sages that even the intensest concentration and purity of purpose on our part cannot tear away; in other words, we cannot, if we would, experience their feelings. Although many have tried it, from motives widely varying, few Westerners have had the strength of will and body to pass through the ordeal exacted from all those who seek for knowledge, and those few who have penetrated into the outer court of the temple of mystery are not apt to reveal their experiences to the world of vulgar curiosity. Most of these seekers have tried to fathom the wisdom of the East from motives of curiosity or ambition, and could not bring to bear that pure thirst for knowledge which alone avails, and what little these have learned, in spite of the obstacles they encountered, for the mind is strong, is but the outside husk of the fruit of the tree of knowledge—the kernel is beyond their grasp. Some day a man from the West will arise who will combine the needed qualifications in himself with absolute self-effacement in his seeking. Then will the world learn some of the mysteries that the East so jealously guards in her bosom, and from the teachings of such a man will arise a new religion that will sweep the jarring creeds of to-day from the minds of men, and make them what their Creator intended, lords of themselves and all created things.

During extensive travels through India and the Far East, the writer had forced upon him, in spite of his scepticism, that there was a grain of truth amidst the chaff of charlatanry and jugglery which he encountered, and the study of the ways and feats of the fakirs became a constant source of wonder. He was privileged to witness many marvelous feats, of which probably the most convincing and inexplicable one is now related for the first time.

While at Singapore I was the guest one evening of a gentleman who had long been a resident of India and who was a most profound Oriental scholar, and during a discussion of these very fakirs I expressed my opinions of their general humbuggery in the positive terms of youth. My host warmly opposed my mistaken conclusions, saying, very truly, that "I had never seen any but the lowest and commonest class of fakirs, but that he had seen enough to know there was more than mere trickery in the feats of some of the higher classes." The outcome of the matter was that my host agreed to take me to see a Hindu of his acquaintance who was a "Yogi" of high degree, who, if he could be prevailed upon to exhibit his powers, would show me more than I had ever dreamed of. On my asking him how he could influence such a man, he pointed to a tiny Masonic charm which he wore, and said that the Craft was widely followed throughout the East, and that part of its mysteries played a very important part in the creed of the higher Adepts, and, being a high dignitary himself, he was able to penetrate into many mysteries that another would not be permitted to see.

Early next morning we left the hotel and drove through the wonderful Botanical Gardens and out through a most beautiful avenue of tall palms, along a winding road, until about six miles from the city. Here we alighted from our vehicle and made the rest of the distance, half a mile or so, on foot along a narrow path, through what seemed to me to be a virgin jungle. We soon reached our destination, a tiny hut surrounded by a grove of palms and bamboos, and sitting under the shade of a noble teak tree, we saw the man we sought. In his hut of thatched bamboo, this man, who might have wielded world-power, lived alone with his meditations, supported by the voluntary contributions from the natives of a nearby village. I looked eagerly at the man who possessed such wonderful power, and was somewhat disappointed to find him very little different from other aged natives, until we drew closer, then, never in all my life had I looked upon one who impressed me with the feeling of age—centuries instead of years might be the markers of this man's life—and yet he seemed

young and vigorous. His dark, piercing eyes looked into one's very soul in spite of all resistance, and in that face of stately beauty and mental calm was the expression of an unearthly knowledge, of secrets wrung from another world by sheer force of will and yet made subservient to further seeking, and the beauty of that peace of mind that passeth man's understanding. My host approached this being with great deference and addressed him in a language which I could not understand. Although I was burning with eagerness to see some of the wonderful power of which I had heard so much, it seemed to me inappropriate to ask this strange human being to stoop to vulgar magic, so I was already resigned to bear the disappointment which I thought inevitable, from the gestures of dissent the patriarch made; but at last the fakir gave his consent to carry out my host's wishes.

Selecting a bamboo, he cut a cane about five feet long and handed it to me to examine, with a piercing glance that seemed to read my mind with one swift look; then he threw it on the ground before him and sat down on the low seat, as when we first saw him. Concentrating his gaze on the cane, he seemed to be gathering up some great force, and, while I was yet wondering what would happen next, I saw the bamboo cane slowly rise upright and stand on end as if fixed in the ground. This was surely proof enough of the control of mind over matter, but more was to come. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the cane seemed to swell out, and there, before my eyes, was a snake, the dreaded cobra, scourge of India, with its mottled hood and glittering eyes, its forked tongue darting in and out with baleful menace. As I gazed in wonder on this marvel, our "Yogi" began slowly to wave his hand from side to side, and, as he did so, the cobra followed every movement; then gradually raising his hand, the snake rose from the ground and floated in the air until it remained in a horizontal position, writhing and twisting its body to and fro. To my horror, it seemed to be gradually coming toward me, with its fierce little eyes fixed on me with malignant hate; it came nearer and nearer, while I stood as one paralyzed, until it was within a foot or two of my face, when it paused as if for a spring, and then I gained speech and motion, and shrieked aloud for help. But before I could turn to run the snake faded away, and the space it occupied a moment before was vacant. In another second I saw the bamboo cane lying on the ground as it was in the beginning of the scene.

It took me quite a while to recover from my horror and astonishment at witnessing such a feat, and when I was ready to ask for more sights our "Yogi" had disappeared, and my host told me that it would be useless to disturb him again, as he considered he had lowered himself in thus exhibiting his skill to a scoffer's gaze.

The Old Master

A TELEGRAPHIC despatch from Paris states that there has recently been exhibited in Paris a collection of drawings and crayons which has excited much comment. It is neither because of their originality of composition nor skill in execution that they are creating a sensation, though it appears that a majority of them are exceedingly well done. That which characterizes them, above all, is that their visible executor declares that he is the only medium by which they are drawn, and that the real artists, for there are several of them, are unseen spirits who guide his hand and compose these designs at moments when he is talking or thinking of other things than art.

Mr. Fernand Desmoulins, the exhibitor of these most peculiar designs, is an artist and engraver of considerable distinction. Until a recent date he has never occupied himself in the least with Spiritualism, and his circle of acquaintances are men who believe in living a true and good life here below, without seeking to solve the mystery of what lies beyond.

However, last year, one evening in the month of June, he was invited to dine with some friends, and after dinner the party amused themselves in making a table turn. They were very successful. The table not only moved, but finally turned upside down, and remained in that position in spite of the efforts

of the various members of the circle to restore it to its original position. It was finally broken in one of these efforts.

Mr. Desmoulins did not make one of the seance, but remained a silent spectator of the performance. On returning home, however, he sat down at his work table, which was supplied with pen, paper and ink. He lighted a cigarette and mechanically seized a pen. To his astonishment it began to move about on the papers, tracing odd and half-formed designs. Naturally, his curiosity was piqued, and he repeated the same experiment several times. At last, one day, the pen wrote, distinctly: "Take a pencil."

Mr. Desmoulins obeyed, and the result was several very original drawings traced on a bit of paper. They did not resemble at all the style of the artist himself, but suggested rather the execution of Rodin, Daumier or Carriere. These drawings were signed with the name, "Teacher." When Mr. Desmoulins prayed the unknown power to be a little more explicit, and to give his right name, he replied, "Call me Spinoza, if you wish." On another occasion he announced, "I am Botticelli." The artist realized that the unknown designer was amusing himself at his expense, and did not persist further in trying to fix his identity.

Later, the unseen force, calling himself "Teacher," was joined by two other invisible artists. These called themselves "Astarte" and "Old Master." Each of the three had his own peculiar style. The manner of the "Teacher" is less skilled than that of the others, but there is much power shown in his drawings.

The "Old Master's" designs are much more pleasing and delicate. The smile of some of the faces is extremely sweet, but the expression that characterizes them all is one of melancholy. "Astarte" is as violent in manner as the "Teacher," and not as skilled in execution as the "Old Master," but she shows much originality in her compositions. One of her drawings represents a wheel of torture, to which are fastened a number of heads, on the faces of which is imprinted an indescribable expression of horror. Another is a twilight scene, all imbued with the mystery of shadows; here two women are kneeling in the attitude of prayer, their foreheads inclined to the ground.

Some of the characteristics of the designs of the three unknown forces are that they represent almost always individuals whose sex cannot easily be determined, and whose attitudes suggest despondency and deep sorrow. Frequently they are depicted with the eyes closed, and those with the eyes open often express indefinable terror or mystery.

Mr. Desmoulins usually devotes several hours to a drawing that he makes himself, but the designs of the spirits occupy on an average twenty-five minutes in the drawing—never more than three-quarters of an hour—and very often even are finished in five minutes.

While Mr. Desmoulins is drawing by the aid of his three guides he smokes, talks or reads; often, even, his hand traces these drawings when he is in darkness, with the paper upside down.—*The Philosophical Journal.*

From Philo

"THE fact is that metaphysical people are so given to reflection that they are apt to undervalue the doing of things. If they have a potato to pare, they bungle at it and hurry through it so as to 'go into the silence,' whereas they have not learned to take the first step toward that silence until they have learned how to pare a potato, or do some other simple thing, and do it neatly and skillfully. They spend hours in staring at a spot on the wall for the purpose of learning concentration, while the same close and undivided attention given to some practical work would bring better results."

We can only truly grow into the higher life by growing into the lower life well first. The flower cannot grow without the stalk.

True Freedom

Is true freedom but to break fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leather hearts, forget that we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share all the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand, to be earnest to make others free!
They are slaves who fear to speak for the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink from the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three.

—Lowell.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS



One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple.—Ps. xxvii, 4.

HERE in the white chamber of the soul, where God abides, are the great words He hath spoken, the great words He is speaking. They are filling the atmosphere with their music, their promise, their wisdom, their comfort, their love, their majestic peace.

Do you hear them? Listen! Only the pure in heart can hear. That means the pure in motive, the pure in aspiration, the pure in effort. So long as you have a single-eyed desire to do right for right's sake, even if you have it for only one moment, for that moment, at least, you are pure in heart. Perhaps in some such moment, in a sweet stillness of mind, you may hear Temple words. Listen!

My child, I have chosen to take up My abode with thee, yea, even to make a tabernacle within thy soul. There mayst thou come to Me at any time thy heart desires, and thou canst talk with Me and ask of Me what thou wilt, for I am thy Friend. Hast thou burdens? Here thou canst lay them down. I will carry them for thee. Hast thou a grief, come unto Me, let Me know it, and it shall become a chastened strength, and thou wilt go forth armored to help all souls in grief. Hast thou a misunderstanding with one thou lovest? Tell Me, and I will give thee a new grace of the Spirit with which to win him to a fair view of both sides of the question between thee, and upon thy heart's altar I will teach thee to scatter the incense of unselfish love.

Hast thou loneliness of heart, come in to Me. I am thy Friend, yea, thy comrade. Canst thou not be friendly and let Me comfort thee? Hast thou a plan dear to thy heart; tell Me and I will open thy springs of wisdom and unseal thy fountain of faith, that thou mayst bring it to pass. Is thy soul heavy because of obstacles to thy growth? Speak to Me praisefully, and My joy shall fill thee, a stream at flood tide washing away every bar to thy progress. Wouldst thou help thy brother? But whisper thy wish, and opportunities like the number and kind of the ocean's waves shall rise before thee.

In thy sorrows, thy joys, thy temptations and strengths, thy nights of disquietude and thy days of abounding peace speak thou to Me, remembering I am always with thee, to be as thy wise Father, thy loving Mother, thy comforting Friend. Come to Me often, and, knowing that I am in thee and thou in Me, breathe thou a benediction upon the restless world. I will be in thy breath and My Spirit shall make thy words a blessing to all people. And when thou hast joy, let Me rejoice with thee, for I am infinite joy. See how it hath a voice in the songs of the birds, the beauty of the flowers, the glittering radiance of the stars, the gurgling laughter of the child, the smile of the morning, the rose clouds of sunset, the merry hearts of youth, the rich content of maturity—yea, all these are vibrations from My Heart of Joy! There is none but Mine, for I am in all and of all, and all are in Me.

Beloved, come into My Temple with praise, with all thy earth thoughts hushed and silent, that thou mayst hear My voice. Always am I ready to teach or comfort thee, to rejoice with thee, to strengthen thee or to pour the oil of My joy upon thy wounds and give thee peace. . . .

Such words every soul may hear, for they come from the Father to His children. Each may find the Temple within and the Key of the Secret Chamber.

Do you say you have never found either the key or the Temple? But you may. That is your divine privilege. Perhaps you have never conformed to the conditions necessary. *The Law on every plane inexorably demands right conditions for fulfillment.*

You may have failed because of a cloud upon the spirit of your mind. Anger, gloom, bitterness, unforgiveness toward yourself or others, these make clouds that hide the key—yes, even the door of the Temple itself. But when the sun of righteousness (rightness) shines forth, these clouds are dispelled. This sun can never be put out, though it may be hidden for a time. When it shines as you can make it shine when you will, it melts all clouds away and reveals a clear, sweet, sunny atmosphere in which you may grow wise and healthy and strong with rhythmic pulse-beats of exuberant, bounding joy. Then you will find the key, and you will see the door of the Secret Place. You will enter in and receive of the life of the Spirit. You will mount up as upon eagles' wings, you will walk and not be weary, run and not faint. . . .

Let the sun shine! How? Just be right within and without. Do you understand?

Be square, just, true, having every thought measured by the compass and the square, and laid according to the level and the plumb. Thus will you be laying the foundation for the four-squared city, the number of which is as the number of a man.

Does this seem a riddle? In the Temple it may be solved. Go within and ask. Reach out into the unknown and the unknown will become the known. Call out into the infinite spaces, and the Voice in the Temple will answer. Would you have wisdom? The Voice says: *If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. . . . Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying: This is the way; walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left.*

You see even upon the daily path the Light is shed, if you look for it. There is a sense of unconquerable strength to him who confers thus in the Temple. Yea, he is clothed with an armor of Heavenly mail, and may travel upon any road, fearing nothing. For there will the Light be shining upon his path, there will the directing Voice be speaking such words as are needful.

Yet, though it speaks, there may be times when you do not hear, even though you know your privilege. Clouds again! Perhaps you are too eager to hear, so that your unrest will fill your ears with laments. Perhaps you will be dissatisfied with your daily work, with your allotment of time, with your part of the field. If so, do not wonder that you cannot hear.

Be still. Cultivate serenity. Let each moment be as a life in itself and live it well. Then will you be satisfied. Then may you be serene.

Ages ago in old Egypt a listener in the Temple repeated words given by the Voice, saying: *"Be not ungrateful to thy Creator, for He hath given thee Life."*

Again said one of old, who in the Temple received the teaching of the Law: *Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His Courts with praise; be thankful unto Him and bless His name.*

Do you see, then, why, though the Lord is in His Holy Temple and may be speaking to you, yet your ears may be heavy and your eyes blinded for lack of the spirit of praise?

Think of it! This little word praise! Not flattery, not fulsomeness, but praise in the highest sense. It means the truest appreciation, the deepest, most soulful expression of reverential love of the good and the best. It is a shining, beautiful word! In truth, it is the light of the sun of righteousness. To live and breathe in the subtle atmosphere which emanates, as it were, from a praiseful heart is to become more truly alive, more joyous, more patient, more reposeful, more trustful; so we have come again to the key and the door with which we started.

Be praiseful. Let go all that maketh afraid, that your earth (nature) may be silent and the spirit within you say: *Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.* He who will keep his life must use it. In the divergence and radiation of joy, joy is awakened in others. Praise to and of the Lord of joy bringeth joy to the heart of man.

I am the Fount of Light, says the Creator in the Egyptian Ritual. *I pierce the darkness. I make clear the path for all. I am the Lord of Joy. The joy of the Lord is your strength*, said the prophet as the interpreter of the Lord. From praise to joy, from joy to strength, these are steps leading into the Temple. For does it not require strength to hold to a purpose, even the purpose of hearing the inaudible Voice and seeing in the invisible Temple? Not the outer man of members, but the inner man of spirit may go into the sanctuary and listen or come forth and interpret. Of the voices that interpret the language of the Lord of the Temple there are many. Listen to that which hath been spoken and to that which is speaking.

Saith he called Hermes: "Lay to rest the senses of the body, and it will be the generation of Deity. Purify thyself from the irrational avengers of matter. . . . These are the avengers, oh, child: Ignorance, Grief, Intemperance, Passion or Injustice, Covetousness, Deceit, Envy, Cheating, Wrath, Rashness, Malice. Under these there are more, and through the prison of the body they compel the within placed man to suffer in his senses. . . ."

"But these stand off forthwith from him who is pitied by the God. Rejoice henceforward, oh, child, being purified by the powers of the God. Knowledge of the God hath come to us, and that coming, oh, child, the ignorance is banished. Knowledge of joy hath come to us; this having arrived, oh, child, Grief will fly to those who give place to it. I call the temperance power for joy, oh, sweetest power."

"Let us assume it, oh, child, most readily. How, along with the arrival, hath it expelled intemperance. . . . But the fourth is Endurance, the power adverse to passion. This degree, child, is the fixed seat of justice, for without contention, behold how it hath banished injustice. We are justified, oh, child, injustice being absent. The sixth power coming to us, that contrary to covetousness, I call Communication. That departing is, moreover, the Truth, and the deceit flies, while Truth becomes present. Behold how the Good is completed, oh, child, the Truth becoming present. With the Truth the Good also becomes present along with Life and Light and no more hath intervened any avengers of the darkness. They have fled away, vanquished by assault. Thou hast learned, oh, child, the way of Regeneration."

The Temple is in every soul. The door is in every heart. The Sphinx is before every door. The key is on every shoulder. *Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you.*

"Hail to thee, Lord of the Law, whose shrine is hidden!"

"The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Unto thee all, my children, Peace!

—Lotu H. P. B. I. *

Life here on the earth is one grand and glorious opportunity, says the God within.

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Genius and its Shrine

By FREDERICK W. BURRY

Written Especially for The Magazine of Mysteries



THE most daring flights of the imagination, the stories of miracles, authentic and otherwise, the varied creations of Fancy's wide realm, have never equalled the potencies and possibilities of the great Kingdom of Man.

Pilgrims travel from one end of the world to the other for the purpose of visiting and paying their homage to some historic shrine, famed as a center of miracles; but, at home, in the Temple of Human Life, they might see a greater shrine, with powers miraculous, stupendous, divine.

We venerate the ancient masters, heroes, artists, and we preserve with just care and attention glorious creations of skill and beauty, which have outlasted the changes of the centuries. But we have placed the talents of genius outside the scope of common human effort, claiming for all masterpieces a divine source and inspiration. The Shrine of Genius, we have held, is a mysterious plane of a celestial character, occasionally appearing in the midst of Humanity's Existence, manifested in an inexplicable supernatural manner through the medium sometimes of an obscure and unlettered personality—a gift of heavenly origin, which could not be purchased nor developed by any educational process of experience.

That the Shrine of Genius is the soul of every man is a truth recognized only by a few. That each individual enshrines wondrous Divine attributes and powers seems to most people unreasonable. And so their lack of recognition prevents the unfoldment of their possibilities, and they go through life ignorant of what they are, more or less incapable of meeting and mastering their opportunities.

A genius is one who masters his circumstances—who uses the infinite will-force of his being and proceeds to mould his ideals into objective, palpable shape—taking the very conditions which with others bring trouble and enslavement, and from them creating a world of surroundings corresponding with his enlightened mind.

Genius finds its home with every man who chooses to live up to his destiny. And it is all a matter of retarding or accelerating one's development, for all, in time, are forced by the mighty Trend of Evolution to the highest heights of Consciousness.

When we realize that we enclose in our nature so many undeveloped capabilities, it is criminal folly to put off giving them some expression. How much better it is to do some work voluntarily than to be forced to act later under critical emergencies. A cheerful, prompt obedience to one's ideas saves subsequent trouble and labor.

To be quick in responding to the privileges and opportunities of to-day solves tomorrow's problems.

Promptness is one essential attribute of Genius and another is Patience. While there are steps to be taken without delay, there are others which cannot be made until in the order of Growth, Time has prepared their course. Large undertakings require time. The period of maturity cannot come during the days of infancy; step by step are the various summits of experience reached.

However, we do scale the ladder of existence with greater ease and more rapid ascent when with minds firmly concentrated we strive to live our life in the best way, to make the most of circumstances. The years pass smoothly over the head of the man whose thoughts are attentively centered on some useful and agreeable tasks, and they also pass quickly; his occupation literally becomes a pastime, not that he thus shortens the period of his life, for while the years fly by, Time becomes his servant; the concentrated man lengthens his life; in fact, the years increase his power and renew his youth.

There is perhaps no thought more encouraging than that man actually possesses the power of complete recuperation. In the past all renewals and reforms and cures have been of the most uncertain and incomplete character. The sciences of the past cannot give you anything but an artificial

semblance of life. Men have looked on the outside of things, and their researches have been of the merest tentative nature. The time will come when present text-books will be discarded, not only as being inadequate, but because they contain ignorance and rubbish.

What the race needs is a science which shall unfold the capabilities of man and restore in even greater perfection lost youth and vigor. The world wants a science of correct living, a science based on the recognition of man's unity, the oneness of his being, subjective and objective, spiritual and material.

The realm of matter is here for the purpose of manifestation. As our knowledge increases, and we realize what infinite capabilities are ours, we are to mould materials and surround ourselves with works of beauty.

The strenuous life of the average man prevents any expression of beauty. Let us ask ourselves the question whether the life of the average, the canons of custom, are worth so much that beauty and health and power may well be sacrificed for them. If we decide that they are not worth this exchange, we shall pause before we proceed along the old paths any further.

People need to get out of their ruts. The streets are full of people in ruts; the houses and workshops the same. Our cities appear to be live centres of activity, but there is very little happiness in them. Certainly wealth and what is called success does not bring happiness, as can be easily seen by the woe-begone expression on the faces of the so-called successful.

Is life, then, to be an eternal chase after will-o'-the-wisps? Have we no choice other than the grind of poverty and the negation of failure or the intolerable satiation of plenty and the overwhelming worry of success?

There is something else to choose from, some other course to follow. First of all, everything depends on the attitude we take on our mental calibre. If our minds are to be filled with thoughts of care and suspicion, we had better forego the laurels of success. But Genius rises beyond the plane of such a narrow view; it sees in materials the implements and agents for its use. Genius is always the master, the Self always supreme.

Once allow your native Genius to express itself, and you feel yourself successful and secure at all times, no matter what comes along. You are then not afraid to continue moving along, even though failure, depression and losses stare you in the face; on the contrary, you take these conditions in your hands and fashion out of them new enterprises and purposes. Your Genius is your magic wand of power, which touches the ashes of dead events, and, behold! a new life springs forth.

What is this Genius within you that can do so much for you? It is your Spirit, your Soul, the I Am within you, made capable of manifesting through you by eons of experience. Remember the blood of millions flows through your veins, and these sacred drops come direct down the ages from the central River of Life, filtering through personalities of varied shades and climes, passing through your body to receive your personal insignia and impression, passing again on toward unknown evolutions and apotheoses. The Genius of your life, your Self, is only the same subconscious Being that manifests itself in other ways, through others forms. And this infinite Being may be trusted; it must be trusted ere you can show forth what you are.

At present men do not show what they are. The caricatures we see in the street are not the real man or woman. Behind every sham, affectation, deceit, the Being of Man resides in unalloyed Perfection. All the ignorance and foolishness of the centuries cannot touch the Real Man.

I do not care for your fault-finders or complaints, either concerning yourself or others; I do not care what you have been, or what you are; but I call you in a voice of thunder to come out of the prison of every mortal thought. Come away from

the Egyptians, with all their barbarous finery and pretense. Be your Self.

The few men of talent that the world has seen thus far cared nothing for the ways of the world. If they had cared, they could have done nothing. The ways of the world have kept people incompetent; they have placed a blinding pall over the consciousness of humanity. The world is still sleeping; if you, personally, want to be awake, you must not look around and see what has been done before you do something. Originality is a mark of Genius. You may, if you like, look into the works of the past, so long as you do not stop there.

If you feel yourself enthused with great ambitions and aspirations, you will only bind yourself in self-manufactured chains if you must first have a model or example before you make a move.

Perhaps you have felt yourself hopelessly enchained by circumstances; you have thought that you have had no Chance. Let the fact that you have had no Chance become your best Chance. A Failure may be transformed by your Will into the greatest Success.

There is not much in the Success of one who has had a clear road. Where there is nothing to overcome, there can be no attainment. You must conquer your kingdom before you are capable of governing.

This is not to say that you are to become in any way strained or harsh. Your principal field of effort lies in the boundless region of your own Being; and you are to gain control of yourself by the gentleness of Faith.

The Kingdom of Man is the Kingdom of Heaven. Explore yourself. Practice self-examination. Recognize what you are.

Where numbers of men congregate together, as in the centers of large cities, there might be a glorious unfoldment of Power. Instead of this, through selfishness and greed, we often find a wretched scene of inharmony; instead of the possible picture of Heaven, we view a portrait of Hell.

And still underneath this exterior there is ever the same Divine Life. A strong character may go into such a community and awaken its true Life into existence.

The influence of a work of Genius reaches far beyond its immediate purpose, and the greatest master among men is one who, to some extent, recognizes the far-reaching object of his activities. To consciously perceive that the personal moves have a wide universal influence must extend the scope of individual capabilities. We become what we recognize. If our consciousness embraces all, our intentions and actions must be in accord with this infinite expansion.

Whatever work you take up, grasp it with the thought of the inherent omnipotence you may draw on for your work. Break down the barriers of past education. Look up to your divine origin and character. Believe in yourself, and the world will believe in you. Nature endows her children with Power when they make themselves receptive by a spirit of Faith.

Your Faith will create Talent. If blind Faith has in the past been known to work miracles, what may not your Faith accomplish when it is guided by the Light of your highest Ideals? So again I say: Believe; believe in all Life, in Self, in Others. Affirm the Eternal Goodness. Become a living Affirmation, and thus a blessing to yourself and to every one around you.

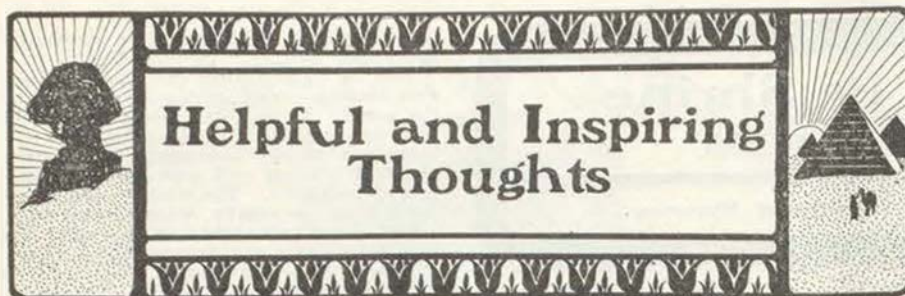
Waste no longer the Days, which contain, every one of them, some Golden Opportunity. Take things just as they are and make the most of them; this means improve them.

Those who despise and look down on the early, crude efforts of others are not the real masters. Clever people give their praise to every sincere work. Sincerity contains a sure promise of Fulfilment. The man who honestly tries must achieve success.

Your capabilities are not to be prescribed in one single direction. You will often find that a Failure simply points a new and larger field for you. Concentrate your energies, have a system in your work; but move on. Let your concentration and your system be your servants. Follow out each work to its limits; only remember that each work has its limits.

Shut off those thoughts of Discouragement and Fear. Start to-day to give some expression to your native Genius. Your power will grow with your recognition.

Allow yourself to grow. Let the forces of your Being have an outlet. Recognize what you are and give your Energies exercise, for Faith is Life and Exercise is Growth.



Helpful and Inspiring Thoughts

Mighty Words

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.—*Jeremiah xvii, 7.*

In all ages the men who have loved and trusted God have been singularly blessed. All history bears this statement of truth out.

But in no age is this truth so strikingly brought to our attention as at the present day—in these days of the New Dispensation.

Health, cheerfulness, hope, vigor, energy, longevity and happiness depend entirely upon trusting in God.

The very Vibrations of Life depend upon our trust in the Mighty God and the Prince of Life, Jesus Christ, THE MASTER.

So, dear souls, let these inspired words be deeply and indelibly burned in your Soul, your Heart and your Mind forever: "BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN THE LORD, AND WHOSE HOPE THE LORD IS."

These thrilling and inspiring words for ages have filled countless souls with hope. Such words *never die*, for they are God's words, and are as Eternal as is the blessed Eternal One.

"Trust and love, in order to enrich and uplift, must be firm and immutable as God Himself."

"Human brotherhood forms the fundamental teaching of Buddha, universal love and sympathy with all mankind and with animal life. Every one is enjoined to love all beings as a mother loves her only child and takes care of it at the risk of her life."—*Dharmapala at the World's Parliament of Religions.*

Love, and Love alone, is the Path to God and Heaven.

Dark Days—adversities, disappointments, sickness, loss of friends and those who are near and dear—are the days to cry out to the tender and merciful God. When we have lost *all*, that is the time to gain *all*, and we will gain all if we will go to God in the name of the Son, our Blessed Savior. Then Dark Days will vanish, for the Prince of Light will dwell in our hearts. Darkness is only the absence of Light.

Capital and Labor have rights which must be observed in the Divine Way before there can be perfect peace and harmony between the two. Both employer and employee must be true, honest, fair and just. The Holy Mystics say that the best way to determine and adjust "labor troubles" is for both employer and employee to earnestly and fervently pray to God for Light on the question. When this is done the Holy Spirit quickly and satisfactorily adjusts all differences.

The Salvation Army is doing grand and great work for THE MASTER throughout the world. Their work in India is being rewarded with wonderful success. No genuine Christian work in this Age fails. He who serves THE MASTER faithfully and loyally and earnestly will get only grand results.

There is no lack of money for carrying out any really good project or work for THE MASTER, in these Golden Days. The scoffers and unbelievers are astounded and marvel at the success of Christian business men and how they hand out money with a lavish hand to carry on the work of THE MASTER. This is a New Age. All who loyally serve THE MASTER will be prosperous, progressive and happy.

The world through, as a class, the most prosperous and progressive and charitable men are Christians. These are the men that are *doing, achieving and giving.*

I never allow another man to define my position.—*Daniel Webster.*

The Power Behind Hope

Hope thou in God.—*Psalms 5, xlii.*

THE Holy men, the poets, the philosophers, sages and prophets of the world never cease writing about Hope.

With hope man is a power to do, to accomplish, to achieve; without hope he is impotent, helpless and miserable.

All Adepts and Seers and Great Souls know that back of all hope is Love for God, and when the Psalmist said "Hope thou in God" he really meant love God with all thy soul, with all thy heart and with all thy mind, and then you would have tremendous hope all the time.

This was the great commandment of THE MASTER. He, the Omniscient One, knew that without Love there could be no hope and without hope there could be no life.

Take out of the world Love and you take away all hope, and without hope there would be chaos—no order—no world.

Love God and Christ and the Holy Spirit and the Holy Angels and you will live in the vibrations of eternal hope and will help to bring into the world more love, more hope and more glory and more gladness—more joy, and more peace.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

God and Christ's healing powers are the balm for every grief and every sorrow that comes to man. The Living Christ heals more wounded hearts to-day than ever before.

Hope

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.—*I Peter iii, 15.*

A MAN or woman who *lives* the Christ-life is the most hopeful person in the world. No form of adversity can completely discourage a Christian; the Christian will endure and overcome all adverse conditions.

Sin is a damper on hope. Even the smallest sins distract and disturb our minds and make of man a trembling, fearful coward.

A clear conscience means hope, health, vigor and tremendous power. When the conscience (the soul) calls us to account we are disturbed and often well-nigh hopeless. The shame of sin is overwhelming. "It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through."

Truly, were I every evening to depict sunrise and every morning to see it, still I should cry, like the children, "Once more, once more!"—*Richter.*

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Sow, and look onward, upward
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.
—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

Any man of God is a great man; and no man can be truly great unless he is a man of God. All history confirms this statement as the absolute truth.

We Shall Have Ethereal Bodies in Heaven

A WRITER in The Christian Herald says: "We may be assured that Heaven is a place of intellectual and moral progress and perfection." So far as material splendors may contribute to happiness, we may be sure they shall not be wanting. As to whether the spirit will be disembodied, we have no direct assurance; but I take it that Paul's hint of being 'clothed upon' means that the spirit will be clothed in a refined ethereal body, suitable for the new heavenly conditions. Details probably could not be given in such a way that we could intelligently comprehend them. Jesus had many things to say to His disciples which they were not ready to hear." THE MASTER said many things and did many works that were not recorded. "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."—*John xxi, 25.* THE MASTER knew about Reincarnation. All souls that do not come to Christ and be *converted*—regenerated and sanctified—cannot go to Heaven and must reincarnate. To escape reincarnation we must live the Christ-life.

Telepathy, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Seership, Prophecy and other occult and psychic powers are natural phases of the religious man. The Holy Adept never seeks those powers, yet he has them all to a marked degree; they come to all holy men and women.

Christian benevolence helps make for true and lasting happiness; when combined with Christian activity it is a mighty power to do.

Flowers

BLESSED be the man that really loves flowers! loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there were not another creature on Earth to admire or praise them! But such men need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God! Did He not make the world for such men? Are they not clearly the owners of the world and the richest of all men?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Power behind a Holy Mystic is the great and mighty God. All honor and all glory to God. The Mystic recognizes and honors no power in anything except the power of God. All powerful men are only instruments or channels that the LORD can use, and when He does use us we must give all the glory to Him. God's WAY, and not my way, is the *only way*.

There can be no true love of God without strict obedience to His commandments.

Anglo-Saxon Unity will be much nearer accomplishment, says Mr. Robert Stein, when the British ruler shall renounce the anti-Catholic declaration which every English monarch is at present compelled to make upon his accession. All the Seers, Adepts and Sages are agreed that within the Twentieth Century the Anglo-Saxon Unity will be perfect and complete—a Constitutional governing power of all the English-speaking countries.

Has Lived in the Body 102 Years

ANYONE who will regularly read this Magazine will live a long useful, healthy and happy life here on earth in the body, and will, at the transition called "death," pass on to brighter and happier spheres.

Men are living to a great age in these days of the New Dispensation.

The Mystics could fill this Magazine each month with accounts from the daily press of men and women who are one hundred years old or upward.

James Melley, of Plymouth, Pa., says an Associated Press dispatch, is 102 years old. He has always been a hard-working, active man.

Steady, hard work is conducive to health and long and happy years here on earth, say the Mystics, provided you do your work with a Christian spirit—with love of God and Christ and humanity in your soul, heart and mind.

Read this Magazine regularly, as it shows the way to health, long life, prosperity, progress, civilization—happiness.

THE FAILURES OF CAUTION

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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"If you are violating principles and breaking laws of God or society, every moral and decent citizen has a right to object to your course of conduct, because it interferes with the universal well-being of humanity."

"Twixt what thou art and what thou wouldst be, let

No "if" arise on which to lay the blame. Man makes a mountain of that puny word, But, like a blade of grass before the scythe, It falls and withers when a human will, Stirred by creative force, sweeps toward its aim.

Thou wilt be what thou couldst be. Circumstance

Is but the toy of Genius. When a soul Burns with a god-like purpose to achieve, All obstacles between it and its goal Must vanish as the dew before the sun.

"If" is the motto of the dilettante And idle dreamer; 'tis the poor excuse Of mediocrity. The truly great Know not the word, or know it but to scorn; Else had Joan of Arc a peasant died Uncrowned by glory and by men unsung.

NO greater evidence of weakness of character can be shown than a continual appeal to friends for advice.

At times we all need the counsel of a good friend; but to constantly ask for it is like constantly borrowing.

Learn to decide small matters for yourself and learn to decide quickly.

Better make a mistake once in a while from too hasty a decision than to form the habit of indecision. It is the first milestone on the road to failure.

If your purpose is high and your desires unselfish, you are as capable of making up your mind what is best for you to do as another.

Listen when your friends offer you the free advice so easily given, but do not let it influence you unless it is in accordance with your own highest convictions.

Never permit yourself to be pulled hither and thither by a half-dozen conflicting opinions regarding the course you should pursue. Your friends may be wise, kind and unselfish, but they cannot live your life for you. You must work out your own destiny.

If you are violating principles and breaking laws of God or Society, every moral and decent citizen has a right to object to your course of conduct, because it interferes with the universal well-being of humanity. But if you are simply pursuing a line of work, or following a course of study, or setting forth on a career which seems to you to be the one desirable thing in life to do, or the one expedient thing for you at this juncture, do not allow your convictions to be influenced or shaped by the advice of others.

Remember that every engine must follow its own track and keep to its own rail if it would reach its destination safely. No

matter if another track is close beside it, and all the other engines in the yard urge it to jump its own rail and go across, it must follow its own headlight. Cultivate the highest qualities in your own nature, and then set your mark and go ahead.

Let your friends talk, and thank them for their interest in your welfare, but keep to your own convictions and follow your own headlight.

Do everything which you know must be done as quickly as possible—not hastily, but with dispatch. When the ocean tide is coming in its waves sweep forward with resistless force, one after the other, and break higher and higher upon the beach until its work is done and it turns its waters in another direction.

That is the way to get things accomplished. Put one task out of the way and make room for another.

Do not spend hours, weeks and months in trying to plan out the way to do things. Do them. Make a small beginning and keep going. Put nothing off. Rather put your tasks behind you accomplished.

More failures are the result of caution than of rashness.

The over-cautious man will always find something to make him hesitate. The rash man will certainly make an occasional mistake in Fate's bowling alley, while the over-cautious man will decide not to risk his reputation in an attempt which may end in failure.

If you have tried a certain course of life, believing it would be the right one, and you come to the conclusion that you have made an error, change your methods boldly and fearlessly, and do not wait to talk the matter over with all your acquaintances to find what they think of it. It does not matter what they think, so long as you are convinced what is the right course to pursue.

You know, if you lean on your own highest and noblest self, which is the divine part of you, what is best for you to do.

Only by leaning on yourself, and not on others, will you ever amount to anything in this life.

Trust in thine own untried capacity.

As thou wouldst trust in God Himself.

Thy soul

Is but an emanation from the whole.

Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,

Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea.

Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll,

Go seek them—but let pilot will control Those passions which thy favoring winds can be.

No man shall place a limit on thy strength:

Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained

May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe

In thy Creator and thyself. At length

Some feet will tread all heights now un-

attained—

Why not thine own? Press on; achieve,

achieve!

Helps or Hindrances

ANYTHING may become to us either a help or a hindrance. The right use of that which is granted us will prove its efficiency, while its neglect or disregard will reveal it as a real hindrance. That which seems ill may be made a blessing; that which is teeming with benediction can be transformed into a curse. "All things work together for good to them that love God," is not an idle word, but a profound truth. The most threatening danger can bring succor. The lightning flash clarifies the atmosphere. Save for the storm, the rainbow in all its beauty would be impossible. The use of all that comes into life, and its enforced submission to help, should be the purpose of each one. The serpent that wriggled and writhed before Pharaoh as the witness to the divinely sent messenger, became to Moses the staff of support. The staff cast down became the serpent; the serpent taken up became the staff. With much in life the same truth is manifest. Helps used are powerful in their aid; disregarded, they evidence a hostility that is not only apparent, but real.

The development of one's mind through the process of education is productive of unthought-of achievement. The eyes see with a new vision; the ears hear as distinct what was hitherto a veritable babel; by the hands are wrought that which was not anticipated; the lips speak another language, and in a sense man becomes a new creature. His forces are multiplied. He traverses the heavens and reads the mysteries of the stars; he explores the earth and unravels its hidden secrets; he investigates the theories of the brain and proves or disproves their reality. The multiplying of his power increases his ability, and from that there are developed manifold results. Such a help does education prove. None the less, when spurned and set aside, it reveals its hostility. The ignorant are outstripped in the race. Strength is overpowered by wisdom's subtle mastery. Bravado is put to flight before its incisive threats. In the possession of the enemy, education outstrips at once its unequipped opponents. A blessing it is; a hindrance it may prove. It remains in itself the same. Its hostility is evidenced because we have disregarded its proffers of help.

In the divine plan God has given a talent, or talents, to every man. Their use redounds to his comfort and stay. Their neglect will prove his undoing. Talents wrapped up in napkins are worthless. Buried, they can only gather to themselves the rust that corrodes. As capital in hand for the transaction of life's business, they become an invaluable possession. By their use, there is developed the heroic, self-sacrificing, noble, inspiring character. Achievements that startle the world are their product. A power unused is a power withdrawn. An engine that is not connected with the belting, and so to the machinery, is spending its energy for naught. The strength of a talent is emphasized in its reproach. In the midst of failure the wall of an awakened heart becomes "It might have been." Castaway and despised talents become their own avengers, in the probing of life's aching voids and suggesting that they need not to have existed.

Opportunity opens wide the door that leads out to triumphs. It brings to view the way to the desired goal. It is the introduction to success. Well used, it may mean a changed career. The neglected blessing becomes an abiding obstacle. It is the source of a regret that may not be robbed of its sting. Deep remorse is the natural outcome. The noble results that were in prospect can never be achieved. That which was the staff of help has become the serpent of danger. The lingering memory of the hour, when was rejected the privilege, is tinged with bitterness. Another has entered upon the heritage. The resultant loss cannot be atoned for.

That which is so true in connection with all the helps of life, is only intensified in the gift of love to men. The Gospel would be to us the staff for the journey along life's highway. Accepted and used, it means protection, direction, pardon, cleansing and salvation. The dangers that threaten to overcome are put to flight in the presence of its mystic power. The dark road is illumined by its supernal light. The griefs are assuaged by its divine words of comfort. The Cross is kept before us as the place of safety. The Eternal City glistens with all the brightness of its promise. The King in His beauty becomes the regnant Lord—the Christ, in His humanity, the elder brother, who guides to the fount of life.

Work With Love

WHAT is the bed-rock of the religious life? It is love—

Love for God and Christ and Service and—

Work!

WORK!!

WORK!!!

Religion is not religion until it enters every sphere of activity and industry and causes man to work with Joy.

Every soul should be a consecrated workman!

The great Hepworth says: "Every man a consecrated workman! All honest work is God's work, as truly so as the work of the priest at the Altar."

With love of God in our souls, our hearts and our minds, we are true workers—consecrated workers!

Work with love and Joy.

That's God's Way.

It is the only way to work—with fervent love.

Such work cures disease, misery and poverty.

Working with love makes us useful and happy here and now for many years.

"To feel what you do is drudgery, makes it drudgery."

Drudgery ceases when we work with love. God and the Angels help us when we work with love.—F. H.

Strength Out of Weakness

REV. MARK GUY PEARSE, LONDON, ENG.

THE great hindrance in the religious life is not weakness of character. To the weakest here I would say: "God can make as good a saint from thee as from anybody. He can do with weak as well as with strong. What would you think of a mother who could do with the strong and not with the weak children? Your weakness is no hindrance to Him. He can do with weak folks, and we are all weak somewhere, and if we don't know it, our friends do. And, besides, our blessed Lord has such a blessed way of turning weak folks into strong ones. God can work a miracle still. Don't think the age of miracles is over. 'Out of weakness we are made strong.' This was written for us to-day. God can put backbone into people. Our hindrance does not lie in the character. The Gospel can turn a man into what he ought to be."

[The above words of Truth from the eminent London preacher should inspire us with hope and courage, no matter how weak we may be. "The Lord is my defense and rock of my refuge."—EDITOR.]

Observe the glorious works of God, everywhere to be seen, and rouse your soul, ye of little faith, little hope and little courage.

What is Meant by Psychic Development?

[We are fortunate in securing several valuable articles on this interesting subject from Mrs. James French-King, whose wonderful character interpretations through psychic perception have made her famous in all parts of the world. Next month Mrs. French-King will give some explanation of common psychic phenomena.—EDITOR.]

PSYCHIC development is the awakening of the intellectual consciousness to the "fact" of the superconscious power of the intellectual creature. It is the knowledge gained through interest and effort—without which nothing is ever revealed to the human understanding—of the superphysical energy which lies hidden and secluded here on the "natural plane" of existence.

It is the development which produces evidence of a more advanced state of existence and a finer degree of intelligence than is the present condition of man's consciousness, and it is gained through the efforts and visions of the "credulous," by which all secrets are opened and made manifest to the "practical" doubting Thomases of the "fact" world.

I have said the superconscious and superphysical power and energy which lie hidden and secluded on the "natural plane" of Existence. Now there is no plane of existence which is not natural, whether it is the physical, mental, moral, psychical or SPIRITUAL, for they are all expressions of the One LAW and it is the Natural or Spiritual Law.

All manifestation is expressed by the natural Law of the SPIRIT, the primal Energy, which is natural and self-existent. It is the law of the Essence, the Energy of all INTELLIGENCE, manifested or unmanifested.

It operates all the planes of existence, the known and the unknown and unguessed.

On the physical plane of its manifestation it works according to the need and nature of the adjustable compositions of material Substance.

On the mental plane it directs the intellectual action of the attributes which separate and distinguish the mental reasoning creature from the lower or less reasoning brute creature; here it is the Intellectual Law.

On the moral plane it works in accord with the intellectual expression and cultured observances whereby "to civilize the rude, unpolished world," "to make man mild and sociable to man," and "make human nature shine."

This is called the moral law and is developed by men from their intelligence and refinement. It is here that man begins consciously to co-operate with the Higher Intelligence and the natural Energy of the Spirit where he finds the necessity of a discipline of the undeveloped "animal" nature.

Is not this the state of the world to-day, and is it entirely out of the "animal state" yet?

But there is a "sign," many of them, in fact, that mankind has reached a point in its development where it is met with an apparently entirely different expression of power and which is expressed in what is called "phenomena," something that transcends the natural plane of action and hints of another "world" outside of this natural world plane.

Is it? Let us see. We find that we do not have to leave the body in order to secure evidences of this "superphysical," "supernatural," superhuman power; so it must be right here and now that the intellectual powers must be exercised for a knowledge of this new and unexplored region of capacity and "eternal measurement."

Here is a new action of the Natural, Spiritual Law. Who is it that makes this discovery, and how is it done?

The Intellectual Creature does it with the mental forces with which he comes armed into this manifestation of Existence, by the mental powers which lift him from one state of consciousness to another, on through the various Substances of his Eternal development, by which he develops his understanding of the hitherto Unrevealed, by which force he makes effort for his release from one state to another, aided by his curiosity, credulity and faith. By these the Soul knock upon the door of the Unseen, which opens to its supersensitive Intellectual Energy, its Spiritual Intelli-

gence inherent in the flesh-incorporated Soul-Man, the Natural man armed with superconscious power, superhuman intelligence, superphysical strength, supernatural energy, who has the capacity to unwrap the "coiled" forces within himself and discovers new and hitherto unused power, not only within himself, but all about him.

On this plane of fresh experiences we find that the "faculties" must be directed to a finer inspection than has been necessary in the plane of purely intellectual gatherings of information and purely materialistic searches.

The operations of the LAW here are superfine and subtle and act with the finer internalized "mentation" of the faculties, which prove the presence of the intellectual Essence, and reveal another department of the ever-expanding nature: A supersensuous, superconscious plane of phenomenal energy and ability; that is, something not known before or acknowledged.

Here is where we come into contact with a new order of things, and so it is NAMED the Psychic law, or the law of the Soul, which operates and is operated upon, according to the nature and purpose of its Creation.

There are but One God, One Nature, One Law. Within each of these is the manifestation of the ONE Intelligence in which are infinite revelation, unfoldment and manifestation.

Development means "to open that which is wrapped up in an envelope" through effort, either consciously as in man or unconsciously as in the animal or the plant.

Psychic development is the soul's effort for manifesting its consciousness on the physical plane, where everything must be manifested in order to become known and of "practical" service and use to the Inhabitant who is to have dominion "over the whole earth."

Now, is not this Inhabitant a natural production, as well as a natural producer? Is he not armed with internal powers for this evidence of production?

What are these powers which cause him to produce evidence?

They are his Faculties, NINE "sacred heralds" of the greatest forces in the Universe for opening the secrets of Nature and developing its hidden and secluded resources.

The Plane is then within MAN himself, who is an eternal Inhabitant of all the Natural Worlds in an eternity of Existences and manifestations.

You ask me what is the spiritual plane; it is a culmination of all the planes, a gain of ascendancy where KNOWLEDGE begins to open its coils of Wonders to the Spiritual Intelligence of the spiritually developed Creature, the natural Man who, having passed through all planes, is all that has ever been, and having gained, through the exercise of his intellectual faculties all the intelligence below him (or back of him, for there are no directions in the growth of intelligence) he is ready to enter into the newer plane of that real Knowing, which he is beginning to guess about even now; just now he is beginning to realize the finer forces of his nature and the natural world about him, which his faculties have, through his efforts, developed to his consciousness.

Nothing so Natural as the Spiritual World and all its marvels!

"Every phase and form of life, the fundamental principle is superphysical or spiritual," and it might have been added natural. Why, the world is just beginning to awaken from its physical plane of existence and is slowly merging into the Psychical consciousness, where it will exist a long time before it will begin to make practical use of its marvelous energy.

How else does the Race climb but through these intellectual efforts of the intellectual creature?

"The seeker after the occult has no need of leaving his own personal premises to find what he seeks." This is saying that each one has the natural ability for gaining this superconscious information and manifesting his own evidence.

Now nothing of any importance (on any plane) is developed either to a nation or to a man until they are ready for it, and seek for it; nothing comes unsought, not even disaster. We make our own Day of Judgment, right here and now.

The Psychic plane is not yet consciously

serviceable to men, for it is not yet sought for that purpose, not much beyond the idle curiosity of the doubting Thomases (for he had, if you remember, "the curiosity to examine the signs of the crucifixion"), and so the intellectual consciousness is not yet sufficiently awakened or exercised for a serviceable use in the practical affairs of mankind.

It has operated naturally all along, but the world has not been developed to its service. Electricity has been eternally serviceable, but man had not yet developed his need nor his intellectual understanding to its practical power and his ability to harness and control it.

Psychic power is incalculably more powerful, more serviceable, but we must wait for the need before we can expect to see its service.

At present it is superserviceable and must wait for the higher exercise of the Soul's intellectual powers and the general interest in order to make it useful. The need for it must be developed first.

Each Plane has its Era of development; every age of the world's history accords to this, in a correspondence of definite marks of change and wide departure from the old, which is not seen at the time, but which is revealed in future "summing up."

In the future this age will be looked upon as one of the greatest the old Earth has ever experienced and the children of men have ever developed.

God never leaves the world without a Witness to His marvelous power and Immanency.

There are always those who bear testimony to Wonders and Signs long before the Mass are able to recognize the possibility of a new and better way.

Jesus Christ has been the greatest expression of Psychic understanding this planet has ever known. His words and his deeds, as well as Himself, were prophetic of the present day. His miracles were "facts" of psychic power, but the people would (could) not believe. Prophecy is never recognized until it has "come to pass." In the day to come the world will understand His work and His coming.

Prophecies have not yet been recognized, except by the few, who are, in themselves, prophecies of the New Time, so close at hand; these are the leaven in the lump of the New Humanity.

A psychic consciousness is the next step in the development of this humanity; the masses are being slowly delivered of their ignorance and consequent weakness. 'Tis true, there is much vagueness as yet, and a "tropical principle" of terms in the teaching and suggestions for development, and necessarily so, because with every new development, in whatever line, a new language must be manufactured, wherewith to expound the method and measure of its purpose.

How is this psychic consciousness gained? By the use of the Soul's intellectual faculties, the exercise of mental attention, and in no other way under heaven, for there is no other way by which a man may be saved save through the exercise of his soul's power!

All development comes through Meditation—consciously or unconsciously.

Man's redemption is within himself; in the action and assertion of the faculties of the SOUL.

"A little of the Infinite is projected into the consciousness by a little attention to the large subject of the Infinite, but excite the mind with a larger and a more continued attention and Meditation and there will be seen and felt, heard, tasted, and smelt, the open fields of the Infinite expanse, of which no one may dream who has not vitalized his Perception, his Imagination (that Prophet of the mind) and his entire mental force with effort for this finer life of the Soul.

What are the signs which attend those who are developing the psychic nature?

It would create a great "stir" in the religious world, and in society generally, if the deep and earnest interest that is being taken by many of the most learned divines, as well as intellectual "lights," was known—men and women who would not care to be "classed" among the "sensitives," who are visited daily by the people, to have it known that they were experiencing peculiar developments for which, in many ways, they cannot account, and seeking with all the intelligence they are able to command to account for the "added" power that has come upon them, almost without seeking. "Signs" are indeed attending many in these "latter days."

A general sensitiveness to condition is prevailing to quite a remarkable extent. I

know of several persons (and not women at that) who are perfectly aware of the approach of any sort of change in the weather by the peculiar sensations, both mentally and physically, with which they are never affected at any other time. They are most earnest folk, desiring spiritual truth.

A lady friend has developed, all unsought, further than an intense interest in all that pertains to spiritual (not spiritualistic) matters, the power of "clear seeing," with which she has had some very remarkable experiences, accurate and practical beyond the usual results.

A woman, well known in literary circles, through direct effort, is able to so concentrate her faculties of attention to a particular subject that she is able to gain all the information she desires without the aid of the Library or any outside data.

The Leader of Mental Science, Helen Wilman (I don't think she will care if I tell this) has so wonderful a psychic atmosphere, and the vibrations are so strong, that for her to come suddenly into an empty room will cause a succession of quick, sharp explosions, sometimes as loud as a small pistol shot; these will be followed, frequently, by quite loud "tappings" all about the room.

For her to attempt to light the gas is to almost surely break the glass globe which covers it. This is not spirits; it is a strong, vital psychic organism and great intellectual force, directed to the development of the intellectual powers, and this indicates its undirected use or mayhap its surplus of energy.

I know a young physician who possesses the power of locating the ailment of the patient by touching the part affected immediately without any information vouched saved by the patient.

This was not a "natural" gift; it was cultured for by developing the Psychic consciousness.

The Psychic is the connecting link in the coil or circle of Existence, where material and Spiritual substance are joined and where the Soul becomes conscious on a more advanced plane of intelligence.

Just a little effort will stimulate this power of the soul. Just a little thought given to the inner nature, or the inner power or the resident energy of the Soul, will open the *whole nervous system*, for it is the nervous system where the Psychic fluid is generated to a finer action, and the whole intellect will be enabled and inspired to act more perfectly on this finer realm of consciousness; the perception, "by internal meditation," will become supersensitive and all the faculties will concert for manifesting consciousness on this other plane of action, where the Law may be said to be the Soul, or Psychic Law, the natural, Spiritual Law out of which all things are manifested.

Every great performance receives its quickening from this plane of the mental action; every vital achievement; every effective advance has received its impetus from this plane of supply, this spiritual point of contact with the Essence of the animating element of every Expression.

This "point" of contact may be "touched" by the enlivened mentality, consciously or unconsciously to the "inspired" soul, whose desire has developed his powers of will and purpose to an unusual degree of effort and exercise.

Effort and Exercise are the two chief sources of all mental, as well as all physical improvement.

From the Psychic plane, as the race is now developed, comes every good and perfect gift of excellence, every inspirational evidence of power.

All sensations below this are what the late and much lamented Swami Vivekananda calls "primary sensations," sensations of the lower states of the intellect which are gratified with that degree of unconsciousness in which a man does not know that he does not know, and so is satisfied with his daily routine of little pleasures, his little business and his little general affairs without thought of the great import of his life and existence.

But to him who knows that he does not know, and that he may learn of his spiritual power, the whole world is a place of the greatest import, a vital reservoir of information of a lasting quality, eternal in its interest and development.

He knows that here is the place of Vision, the place of Prophecy, the place of illumination and the place of knowledge, which to gain the way of will make him ready for the development, mentally and morally, that is to make the Psychic connection between this plane of manifestation and the next consciously, powerfully.

The effort is already begun, and much has already been accomplished that will, comparatively speaking, put the advancing mental creature in touch with the NEXT RACE!

Psychologize yourselves with high thoughts, with meditations upon vast considerations. This will develop the necessary intellectual perception.

Open the mind to the reception of mighty fulfillments in and by the races of all mankind, for the time is ready for those who are ready, for those who are seeking the full consciousness of Dominion.—Mrs. James French-King.

Love Will Find the Way

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

How can we ease another's pain,
Their sorrows e'er dispel,
When they are sore depressed with gloom,
How can we break the spell,
And make their sad lives brighter seem,
By driving grief away?
'Tis only loving kindness can
Ah! love will find the way.

For it can change the darkest day
Into the sunshine bright;
For its sweet mission e'er hath been
To be the soul's true light.
'Thou' h shadows overcloud the heart,
Fear not; they will not stay;
There is a power to dispel
And love will find the way.

Though doubt should enter e'er the mind,
And fill it with despair,
Until the world seemed going wrong,
And nothing e'er seemed fair,
It will not always thus appear,
But hope will come some day,
And drive away all doubt and gloom,
For love will find the way.

No matter what our trials in life,
Our sorrows, grief and care,
There e'er will be a soothing balm
In the sweet power of prayer.
Believe, and for our every trial
There'll be relief some day,
Do not despair and cease to hope,
For love will find the way.

Rev. E. E. Hale's Latest Poem

From The Baltimore Sun

THE Rev. Oliver Huckel, pastor of Associate Congregational Church, has received from the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the aged Boston divine, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, a modern psalm composed by him in commemoration of the event. The psalm appears in this week's issue of The Messenger, the publication of the Associate Congregational Church. The Rev. Mr. Hale's psalm is as follows:

NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINTH PSALM
O God, that I may see Thee
As the pure in heart see Thee.

O God, that I may hear Thee
As Thy true children hear Thee.

O God, that I may love Thee
As Thy well-beloved Son loved Thee.

O God, that I may trust Thee
As Thy well-beloved Son trusted Thee.

O God, that I may serve Thee
As the stars in their courses serve Thee,
As the winds of heaven serve Thee
And the sun of heaven and the dew that
distills from heaven.

O God, that Thou mayest delight in me
As Thou dost delight in the service of Thy
well-beloved sons and daughters.

O God, that I may serve Thy children and
bless them
As Thou, their Father, dost bless and up-
lift them.

O God, Thou art with me, and I am with
Thee.
Give me Life, and give it more abundantly.

The beginning of strength and power and force in soul, heart and mind is when we cease to faint. The only remedy for adversity and calamity is when we bear and endure without murmur or complaint. The test of strength and character is how we can go through trials and tribulations. The joyous periods of life come when we rise superior to our griefs. In enduring and overcoming we rise to our highest—to the Most High.

The Blessed Light

By John P. Cooke, in The World's Advance Thought

WHEN the dawning wisdom of our day asks men to believe the glad tidings of Life—that Inner Life that blesses all it breathes on—we are chilled to find so many skeptics who ask: "How shall we know that light is light?"

The sunbeam is surely its own evidence; the star its own demonstration.

"Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

The morning needs no attestation; it is its own miracle. But intellectual and moral illumination is not so plainly recognized. No revelation is needed to vouch for the sunbeam; but we cannot tell whether what claims to be knowledge is really knowledge; whether what presents a shining face is science; whether what immediately attracts and fascinates is truth.

This distrust of all light except the beam that we have come of our habit of using no other. The instinct for universal truth is impaired to the degree that it will not act. The hunger and thirst for knowledge decays. Men get to say: "Well, if this opinion of ours be not knowledge, we will consider it so. It is good enough for us; we are content to be no wiser than our fathers were. Find more if you can, but bring none of it to us." Thus the result is that our faith is not in light, but in what we have accepted, just because we are committed to it.

But the Light in Nature does not cease its regenerating offices; it redeems the world wherever it is permitted to fall. Point after point touched by its beam glows with radiance. The cold mountain peaks burn with beaten gold. It touches problem after problem and the darkness disappears! Touched with its loving ray men become human in their affections, care for their families, build homes and slowly emerge from their bestiality into the lot of human beings.

Thus we may well celebrate the blessed, creative power of the All-Love-Light; we abhor the darkness and gloom and ignorance. Light is the parent of Life; strength, beauty and felicity come with the sunbeams. Light is the reviver, the cheerer, the Redeemer. Light is the universal disinfectant, the cleanser of Augean stables, the foe of disease; deadly to pythons, hydras, Nemæan lions, Erymanthean boars, Cretan bulls, Stymphalean birds and all the monsters of marsh and fen. Light is the modern Hercules! It expels doubt, fear, superstition, bigotry and that odium theologicum—which is so fatal to wisdom and spirituality. Light is the Saviour, the deliverer! "Walk in the Light that ye may become the children of the Light," was the injunction of Jesus. Himself a child of that Light; Himself led through darkness and horror untold by the Holy Angel Light. The Day-spring from on high always brings healing on its benignant beams.

Dream Life

By M. G. T. Stempel in The Universal Republic

FATHER, I've lived my very best to-day;
Now, take all my restlessness away;
Relieve my mind from every crushing
doubt.

I'd have only Faith-Angels hov'ring 'bout
My slumb'ring body when I go in quest
Of my true friends, of things I love the
best.

How glorious it is like thought to fly
From day-life, leaving every tear and sigh,
All pressing debts (our sufferings), and
find

Freedom and peace!

In sweet dream-life enshrined
Art thou my home!

Each morning I return
That I my work may do, that I may learn
The lesson of the day. Night brings re-
lease—

A dear recess of happiness and peace.

Often I fret when time is to return
And take my cross. Ah, Father, how I
yearn

To leave my body slumbering for aye!
But when Thou callest, quickly I obey—
Thou knowest best.

'Tis night! Touch Thou my eyes!
Father, I long to reach my Paradise!

All spiritually-minded people will do well to send for a sample copy of The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald, Battle Creek, Mich. Mention THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES when you write.



By Edward Minturn

WEARLY with a long day's journey, I stumbled up the stairs that led to my friend's lodging-rooms, and, taking the key from its hiding-place, entered. It was near his usual time of returning, and, according to our old agreement, whenever I came to the city I was to take possession of his apartments and wait for his appearance. The fire burned brightly in the grate, the easy chair and slippers were beside it, and the study-lamp was lighted. Evidently he would soon return, and I sank into the chair which was waiting to receive him, and stretched out my feet toward the fire, benumbed with forty-eight hours' riding in the cars in the winter. A quick step upon the stairs, the key thrust into the lock, which would not turn because it was not fastened, a peevish exclamation, were followed by one of pleasure, as, on entering, he saw me.

"At last, old fellow," said he, giving me a handshake that almost brought tears to my eyes, so firm was the pressure, "you have come. I had almost ceased to expect you," and he looked into my face with eyes that spoke his pleasure quite as strongly as his grasp. "Three years is too long an absence for any friendship to endure."

"Don't be foolish, Wilnot," said I, laughing; "we are beyond our college and our lover days. A man's friendship must be made of a poor material if it cannot endure absence and misunderstandings. Make much of me while you have me, for to-night is all that I can give you; to-morrow I shall be off again."

His countenance changed. "Ah," said he, "how unfortunate! I have an engagement, one of long standing, that I must keep to-night. Can you not spare me another evening?"

"Not another hour. To-morrow, at this time, I shall be a hundred miles away; but do not let me keep you; an evening lasts all night. I shall be here when you return."

He glanced at the clock. "I must make ready at once. It is but a poor welcome to you, Kirby."

"Pshaw!" said I. "Don't make a fuss about it. I shall sleep while you are gone, and if an hour's sleep before midnight be worth two after it, as wiseacres say, I shall be fresh enough to make you waste all the small hours with me."

Wilnot withdrew to the inner apartment to change his dress.

"This appointment must be of great importance, in his estimation, to be so punctually kept that he cannot spare a half hour with me," thought I. When he appeared again he was dressed with scrupulous care, and in the buttonhole of his coat was a little nosegay, consisting of a yellow noisette rosebud, a geranium leaf, a bit of mignonette and heliotrope. He held in his hand a bouquet, shrouded in white paper, and the chamber was filled with the heavy perfumes of orange blossoms, tube-roses and Cape jasmines. His eyes were strangely bright, and he had a strange, nervous, agitated air, wholly unlike his ordinary manner.

"Ah," thought I, "there is some fair lady in the case. No wonder an old chum like myself is shoved on one side for her."

"Kirby," said he, "there is the key of the closet. You will find cigars, sherry, sardines—"

"You need not enumerate the contents of your larder, which I dare say is empty. I have dined, and this chair and fire are better than anything else you can offer me."

He glanced again at the clock, and then ran hastily downstairs and left me again at the fire, in whose glowing coals I saw face after face appear and fade away. It was not the evening I had promised myself during my long day's journey (I had come fifty miles out of my way to see him), but I was no longer young, and knew that I was but meeting the common fate of the guest who is to come at any time. At last

my eyes closed from weariness and I slept long and profoundly, and the French clock on the mantel rang out three in silvery tones.

"The appointment is a long one," said I, half aloud, as I groped about for the candle, which I remembered seeing on the shelf. "If he does not return soon, I shall avail myself of his permission and refresh myself at discretion."

But before I had quite decided upon this, the door opened, and Wilnot entered. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes had a fixed, unconscious look, like those of a sleep-walker. He drew his hand across his forehead with a dreamy, perplexed air, and for a moment seemed bewildered to find me there. Had I not known him so well, I should have supposed he was in the first stage of intoxication, which affects some men with a sense of remoteness, and seems to separate them from their daily life.

"Ah, Wilnot," said I, "you keep late hours."

He drew a chair toward the fire and sat down. The sound of my voice seemed to steady him and break the illusion, whatever it might be, that surrounded him.

"You have waited long for me. I hope you have—"

He paused suddenly, as if he had lost the thought he was about to utter, and sat looking blankly at the fire.

"Something has occurred to grieve or disturb you," said I, gazing intently at him, as he did at the fire. "If it is anything that I may know, speak of it to me, and perhaps the disturbance or annoyance may be lessened. But if it cannot be spoken of, and you wish to be alone, say so frankly, and I will relieve you of my company."

He put out his hand and grasped mine.

"Stay," said he, "I will speak of it. I cannot believe my senses, and yet I cannot doubt them. Some three years ago I became acquainted with a Frenchman named La Motte, who had a beautiful daughter, just growing into womanhood. He gave lessons in fencing in his own apartments, to myself and a friend named Durant. Monsieur La Motte had seen better days, but his circumstances were sadly straitened now, and two humble apartments were all he could call his own. They were in an old house, in a decayed quarter of the city, which, like its tenants, had seen better days. But with the inborn taste of a Frenchwoman, the young girl had contrived to give them an air of refinement and neatness which was wanting in all the rest. A few plants, a bird whose cage was embowered in some hanging vines, the white muslin curtains gathered in folds with a bright ribbon—all made the room pleasant and cheerful in spite of the manifold uses which it served. In this room we took our lessons, and the little Cerise, notwithstanding our furious cut and thrust, sat at the window and worked undisturbed at the little pieces of embroidery with which her nimble fingers were always busy. We soon learned to respect and love our teacher, who had kept his heart curiously fresh and childlike, though he was sixty years old; and for the little Cerise, so young, guileless and pretty, we felt a love mixed with veneration, like that, I suppose, her countrywomen feel for a patron saint. She seemed so pure and holy—half angel, while she trod the earth.

"The tie which bound her to her father was very strong and close. Strangers in a foreign land, this outside Babel pressed them yet closer to each other. To spare, to contrive which one should procure the most little joys and comforts out of their slender means for the other, was the sole object of their lives, and each succeeded so well that neither appeared to have a wish ungratified. For it was only by a chance word, that almost seemed to drop from them unwittingly, that we either of us knew how rich they had once been, how poor they were now. From pupils we became warm friends, and spent many happy hours with the old man and his daughter. The pleasure we tasted in their society had a flavor

which we found in no other company. One evening, as we were about to leave them, Monsieur La Motte asked us to return on the morrow to a little fête on Cerise's birthday.

"There will be nobody here but yourselves, gentlemen," declared he, "but I do not like the day to pass unnoticed."

"We went, and Durant carried with him a little cake, with Cerise's name upon it in a curious device; and I a bouquet composed of flowers for which I had heard her express a preference. We dressed ourselves with unusual care, for we knew Monsieur La Motte would expect it of us, and each had a nosegay at his buttonhole. Mine was like this," and Wilnot touched the faded one in his coat as he spoke.

"We were warmly received, and the old Frenchman produced a bottle of Bordeaux, which was partaken of with innocent hilarity. He had also provided a birthday gift for his daughter—a violet ribbon for her hair—a gift which an American father would have deemed too trivial for a thought, much less for an offering. But the smile with which Cerise received it proved that it was most precious in her eyes.

"The very color," said she, "that mamma used to wear so long ago," and she rose and tied it round her head, partly to conceal the tears which I fancied I saw coming to her eyes.

"Cerise sang for us, which she had never done before, and her father told us some of his wittiest and most graceful stories, and the little quaint cuckoo-clock sounded two before we could tear ourselves away."

Wilnot shivered as he spoke, and paused in his story.

"One other such evening have I passed in my life, and only one; an evening like a June day—perfect in all things."

"Whether Cerise saw it or not, Durant and myself were passing the bounds of friendship and becoming lovers. But no shade of difference was perceptible in her manner toward us. We were welcome, singly or together, and neither of us could flatter himself that he was dearer to her than the other. Each strove honorably to win her, but each feared to put his fortune to the test and lose her friendship when he told his love. Her sixteenth birthday came and we had another happy meeting; each carrying the same gifts and receiving the same pleasure. It was the last of our joyous little fêtes. A cold, caught in the unusually severe winter that followed, developed in Cerise the dormant seeds of the same malady that had taken away her mother. She grew pale and thin, and lost all beauty but the starry beauty of her lustrous eyes, which seemed looking far beyond this world into another. If any sight could have pierced our hearts with a keener anguish than this slow, sure wasting away of the one we loved, it would have been the heartbroken expression of her father's face when his daughter did not see him. Before her, he veiled his anxiety with a tender hypocrisy which must have cost him many bitter pangs. As for Durant and myself, one stronger than either of us would soon end our rivalry by bearing her away from the longing sight of both, and when we saw that it must be so, each tried to bear his own grief bravely by sharing that of the other.

"I shall never speak to her now about it," said Durant. "She thinks we both love her like brothers. Let it be so."

"Yes, like brothers," said I, assentingly, and our small circle drew more and more closely together, as if it would delay the separation that must so soon come to it.

"One more birthday came, a day in December, as bright and golden as any in June—one of those rare days which seem as if a summer day had strayed away and lost itself amid the winter's snow. We went, punctual guests, at the appointed hour. She and her father had both desired it. She was too weak to receive us as before, standing before a little curious black oaken table, on which were the violet ribbon, the bottle of Bordeaux, and the four slender wine-glasses, and the octagon salver. She sat beside it, and, feebly smiling, stretched out her hand to welcome us. How thin and transparent it was now as the light shone through it! All its rosy flesh and dimples were wasted quite away. Each strove to hide his own emotions under an assumed gaiety as he placed his offering on the table.

"Monsieur La Motte received us cordially, and told one of his stories with inimitable grace and wit. We all laughed at it; but it was hollow laughter, that ended suddenly, as if we were all startled at the sound we made. Cerise tied the violet rib-

bon on her hair, but it made her look still more ghastly, and her chest heaved violently from the exertion. But she rallied quickly and tried to sing, but her voice soared, wavered and finally died away like a quivering flame. She took the bouquet that I had brought, touched the flowers one by one, and called them by name, and bent over them as if she would inhale their perfume. But her cheek grew very pale.

"Put them outside the window, if you please," said she. "They will be fresher and brighter in the morning for it."

"I hurried to remove them; I knew their heavy perfume was suffocating to her."

"Thank you, my friend," she said. "I am sorry to banish your flowers. I must be weak, indeed, when I cannot bear them."

"Her father poured out the wine. Each raised it to his lips; but who could say, 'Many happy returns of this day?' Durant's hand shook, and he spilled his wine. My lips refused to taste; but her father was braver than the rest of us."

"Let us drink to a continuance of our love and friendship!" cried he.

"Yes, father," said Cerise, "here and hereafter." She just moistened her lips with the wine. "A continuance of our love and friendship, and many happy returns of this day!"

"A bright, hectic flush suffused her cheeks as she spoke and looked at our wondering faces."

"Do not think, kind friends, that I do not know that I am going to die, because you fear to tell me so. But because I am, shall you forget me?"

"Never! never!" impetuously declared Durant and myself.

and sat silent for so long a time, that I half repented having led him to begin his story. But at last he said:

"To-night is the 3d of December. Monsieur La Motte has been living in the same apartments. She had made them sacred to him. They were full of her, he said, and he should never leave them till he was carried out to take his place by her side. Everything remained as she had left it—the little work-basket, with its half-finished piece of embroidery, with the needle still in the place where she had put it, the bird-cage, the ribbons and curtains; everything but the mistress was there. We often visited him, and had we not gone there to-night, I think the old man would never have forgiven us. I left you, I could not tell you why, though I felt I owed you some apology. I met Durant at the door, dressed like myself, with scrupulous care, with the same flowers, red and white rose-buds, which he used to wear in his coat, and with his birthday offering wrapped in a napkin. We went up the stairs without speaking a word, and when we opened the door, though we had been there only yesterday, we felt as if she must be there to greet us. Monsieur La Motte was dressed in his neatly brushed, threadbare suit. The little oaken table was drawn out in its place; the bottle of wine and the violet ribbon were on it, and the one wax candle was lighted. I uncovered my bouquet, and placed it in the vase that was waiting to receive it, while Monsieur La Motte welcomed us."

"Durant laid his cake in the old china plate, which, with the octagon salver, was a relic of their former prosperity. Then each took his seat; but one chair was

rang out loud and clear, and the hands on the dial pointed to twelve. Monsieur La Motte rose, and was about to approach the table, when Durant laid his hand upon him.

"Look!" said he, hoarsely.

"Slowly the violet ribbon rose from the table—so slowly that the old man's duller eyes had not perceived it—gently as a leaf flutters downward on an autumn day, only the ribbon fluttered upward, and not downward. It rose about a foot and a half from the table, floated toward the empty chair, turned itself round as if it were trying to encircle some object, and drew its ends together, as if invisible fingers were forming a knot. It kept its position for a moment, and then dropped to the floor. We watched it with dilated eyes."

"She has come!" cried Monsieur La Motte. "She is here! Do you not see her, gentlemen?"

"A dim, shadowy outline filled the chair—as thin and vaporous as those drifting clouds which fly across the heavens on a summer night, through which you plainly see the undimmed brightness of the stars. Through this vapor you saw the curious pattern of the chintz with which the chair was covered, and yet she was there! You felt, rather than saw her."

"There she sits!" said La Motte, pointing to the chair. "Cerise, my darling, we are here as you wished. Can you not speak to us?"

"Father," seemed to be rather breathed than spoken. We all heard it, and the old man trembled as the sound floated around the room; yet he walked toward the table, and poured out the wine, and cut the cake for us all, not omitting to fill the fourth glass and plate. We each took our glass."

"Many happy returns of this day!" cried he, without faltering.

"We raised our glasses to our lips—slowly moved the fourth glass from the table toward the chair. It remained suspended in the air for half a second, then slowly inclined, as if toward a person's lips, then as gradually moved back to the table again."

"She does what she can to make herself visible to us," whispered Durant. "She is—she must be here. Look how she bends toward your flowers!"

"The white vapor seemed to bend toward the bouquet, and, with shadowy fingers, draw it toward itself, and separate the flowers. It was not fear, but some emotion which I could not fathom, which made me cover my face with my hands. My heart seemed breaking, and I could not bear it."

"When I removed them, I saw La Motte looking at me with sorrowful and surprised eyes."

(Concluded on next page.)

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

Medicine Not Needed In This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows; his wide experience has proven to him that to some systems coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old, and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, my doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee. I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum Food Coffee, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said: 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family, and it was all it claimed to be."

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh and well. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I only weighed 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age."

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drank any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Stewart M. Hall, Fairfield, W. Va.



"She has come!" cried Monsieur La Motte.

"Then, why should there not be many happy returns of this day? Shall I have no more birthdays because I am in Heaven? Promise me, friends, that on the 3d of December you will always come here, and I will be here to welcome you. Promise that you will always come, as you come now. Bring me flowers and festive thoughts, in memory of the old, happy days."

"We promise," said Durant and myself, as she paused again.

"You were good friends to me always," said she, with a smile; "you have given me many happy hours. Sing for me and for them, father"; and she named an old French Huguenot hymn, set to a quaint tune.

"Monsieur La Mottesang, unhesitatingly, in a voice which had once been a rich, deep bass, but which was now broken and quavering with age. It was a hymn in which her mother had delighted, and which he sang only on rare occasions to her; but the music bore one up with that strange feeling of exaltation which renders one insensible to pain, grief and death. What were they all to the ineffable joy and glory beyond the grave? When he ceased, the feeling remained. We seemed sitting in a wondrous light, in which there was no more suffering or tears. But little more was said; feeling had taken the place of words, and when we left her she gave us, for the first and last time, her lips to kiss. When we saw her again, she lay in the stillness of death, with candles burning at her head and feet."

Wilnot covered his face with his hands,

empty. Monsieur soon broke the silence. Evidently he determined that nothing she desired should be left undone. But his tale was of a graver sort than those he had told us on those other happy evenings, and moved us rather to tears than laughter—a story of one of his brave ancestors, who was more loyal to his king than men are now to God.

"When he ended, he turned to Durant. 'She said she would be here, monsieur—she is, I doubt not. Will you sing to her?'"

"Without hesitation, he sang out, loud, rich and clear, the song of 'Bonny Dundee,' for which she had often asked him, and to which she never seemed tired of listening. I never heard him sing better; the thought that he was singing for unseen ears gave him new force and expression."

"Thank you," said the old man, as the last note died away, 'for her sake.'

"Then a profound silence followed. What we thought or expected, I do not know; but a sudden stillness seemed to fall upon us. We were seated in our usual way, facing the little table at which she had presided as queen of the fête. The fire burned low in the grate, and the candle began to flicker. Suddenly a soft, sweet strain of music rose upon the air and died away."

"It is the little German boy upstairs, playing on his flute," said the old man, as the sound ceased. 'She loved to hear it; it made her think of the angels.'

"But a current of cold air seemed to fill the room, so plainly perceptible to us all that each looked behind him to see if the door had not flown open unawares; but it was tightly closed. The little cuckoo-clock

(Cerise concluded.)

"You do not fear, monsieur? The little Cerise, who made us all so happy while she lived—her coming does not terrify you, does it?"

"Oh, no!" cried I; "it was not fear that made me hide my eyes. I wish that I could see her yet more plainly, and yet I shivered as I spoke."

"Cerise!" cried her father, in tones of passionate entreaty, "our eyes are full of tears; we cannot see you. Appear for an instant as you did when you were with us!"

"For an instant she sat in the chair, just as she did in the old days—blooming, gay, and fresh. The others saw her as I did; I knew it by their faces, and by Durant's hoarse and muttered exclamation. But she faded into a dim shadow again, as if all our longing could keep her with us but a moment. Her father's hand pressed heavily upon my shoulder; but he soon struck up the old French hymn in his thin, quavering voice, and a soft, faint echo seemed to float over and around his words."

"When he ended, he sank, exhausted, into a chair. The white vapor floated away; but, as it passed away, our lips felt as if they had been touched by something cold."

"Ah, she is gone!" cried La Motte, "gone back to Heaven again. We would not keep her if we could; and yet, gentlemen, she was my all. She will come again on her next birthday; and you will come, too—will you not, gentlemen, while I live? Let there be many returns of this happy day."

"The old man's voice failed him, and he ended in tears. We pressed his hand at parting, and repeated after him, 'The 3d of December, always.'"

As he ended, Wilnot turned from the fire into which he had been gazing—for not once had his eyes met mine during his narrative—and, looking me steadily in the face, said:

"I do not ask you to believe me. Last year, I think, I should have believed no man—not even you, had you told me such a story. Had I been alone, I should have doubted to-morrow what I believe I have seen to-night. But there were three of us. We each saw the same thing; and there is not a harder-headed lawyer in New York than Durant, or one less likely to be cheated by his eyes. Yet he saw her as plainly as I did."

"I have no opinion at all to offer, Wilnot; but I am not such a fool as to think that what has never happened to me can never happen to any other man. Produce some of the cigars you mentioned before you went out, and let us envelop ourselves in blue smoke before we separate for the night, or, rather, for the morning."

Did I believe him, reader? I do not know. But had he told me of anything else which he had seen or done, I should have done so most unhesitatingly; and why should I doubt him now?

The pendulum of life swings from plane to plane—from one degree to a higher. To-day we are in sorrow; to-morrow we swing into joy. Emerson said: "The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation or a household or style of living and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the falls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shadowed fruit to wide neighborhoods of men."

The great and wise man fears more his prosperity than his adversity. Life here is not perfect and complete if it runs in one rut or is made too easy and too smooth. A certain amount of friction is needed to create in us the real fire of life. Great and severe blows rouse the soul and are uplifting, provided we don't faint. "Be of good courage and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

Wishing and Working

THE soul evolves in cycles or circles—by degrees. In aspirations and works we eventually reach the goal of freedom—in wishing and working is our salvation. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the following soulful verses, suggests an excellent plan for happiness:

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do.

Set a watch upon your actions,

Keep them always straight and true.

Rid your mind of selfish motives,

Let your thoughts be clean and high.

You can make a little Eden

Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start,

By accumulating wisdom

In the scrapbook of your heart.

Do not waste one page on folly;

Live to learn and learn to live.

If you want to give men knowledge,

You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happier?

Then remember, day by day,

Just to scatter seeds of kindness

As you pass along the way:

For the pleasure of the many

May be oftentimes traced to one,

As the hand that plants an acorn

Shelters armies from the sun.

The Law

WE build our future thought by thought,
Or good or bad, and know it not—
Yet so the universe is wrought.

Thought is another name for fate,
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait—
For love brings love and hate brings hate.

Mind is the master of its sphere:

Be calm, be steadfast and sincere;

Fear is the only king to fear.

Let the God in thee rise and say

To adverse circumstance—Obey!

And thy dear wish shall have its way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

No adversity can make the great soul faint; indeed, to the great soul there is no adversity. Without the example of hope and optimism that we find in all ages in great men and women who battle and struggle under the most adverse circumstances and conditions, this world would be one great, groaning planet. I pray you "do not despise your situation; in it you must be brave and act, suffer, conquer and overcome. From every point on earth we are equally near to Heaven and to the infinite."

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THIS month of October brings us once more to the fireside, and we are quickened with new delights—new thoughts. We feel a new sense of life. Each season brings its own vibrations, which are in turn creative and constructive and give the soul new vistas. The mellow days and long, calm nights are conducive to serene and happy moments, meditation and the unfolding of new aspirations and the reinforcing of our hopes. There is an inspiring sweetness in autumnal days and nights which gladdens our hearts. Let us live fully in the beautiful spirit that is now abroad and strengthen our souls, hearts and minds for more life, better life and higher life.

These are days for us to import into our beings love, kindness and gentleness. Oh, how the world hungers and thirsts for sweet kindness! Our firesides will be brighter with it, and God and the Angels will be there if we are all filled with cheerful kindness.

Loving kindness gives tone and life to our homes, and when we keep this sweet spirit of love from our firesides how cheerless and cold and dreary they seem! The Hindus say that "He whose days pass without imparting and enjoying love and kindness is like the bellows of a smith—he breathes, indeed, but he does not live."

So, now as we sit around the cheerful glow of our autumnal firesides, let us feel and speak of love and kindness and impart a glow and warmth in our homes that will melt all hearts. Let us have none of that "frozen kindness" which we so often find in homes and which is so aptly described by an observing writer in the following paragraph:

"The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel of the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks on the top of the hill, where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it, if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the home will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him 'poor fellow!'"

We all know the inspiring power of one kind word. How the dull, sorrowful eye will brighten if we but ask in a kindly tone the simplest question! A cheery good-morning or good-night will gladden any soul, and set in motion new life vibrations. If the mind could only fully realize how susceptible all minds are to kind, sweet and gentle words, and would hold this thought persistently and permanently in their metaphysical, mental science and "new thought" studies, much good would be done.

Great souls express themselves in words, as well as thoughts and deeds. It does not require a multiplicity of words—only a word now and then from your heart, filled with soft and tender love vibrations, is all that is necessary.

If thou wouldst walk in light,
Make other spirits bright.

The great Spurgeon once said: "Home is the grandest of all institutions." And so it is, and here, of all places, is it of importance to have peace, harmony and melody. If every one would do all the good he might within his own home, he would not have much time for apprehension about the salvation of the world.

The home is not a place to embitter our minds and lower our characters by think-

ing lowly and impurely. In the "Country Parson" is this paragraph: "Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in, even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around in a hundred directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pigsty."

Blessed is that home in which we find gentle dignity and calm repose, where each member of the family is free from moods and fancied injustice and is of good manners. "Many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse, when the moods themselves are the most inexcusable things of all. A man or woman in tolerable health has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood."

In a home that is well ordered we find individually and collectively its members realize the intellectual and moral obligations under which all orderly society is conducted, and hence we see there good manners, courtesy and a good fellowship.

In a measure, home should be a convention and its members slightly conventional; it should have no quarreling, egotistical, meddling, gossiping, solitary, morbid and gloomy members; it should be free from heated arguments and fuming and fretting. Polite discussion, and cheerful chats, and good manners, and all that makes for refinement and culture should be introduced and persistently held in a well-regulated home.

And Joy should dwell in the home, if you would hear glad songs. This holy twin sister of Hope will be your constant guest if you do but keep your home bright and cheerful, for she visits only the cheerful and hopeful and optimistic. Joy is a sensitive maiden and flies from all disturbing vibrations. She lives in Peace, Harmony and Melody and cannot live where there are discords.

Take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her.
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or wedding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is in the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

There is another important view of the home to be considered—herein are now dwelling the coming men and women of this great and glorious planet. What is our duty toward these precious souls? What does God demand of them and us? Shall we send them out into the world true men and women or only half men and women—tainted with ignorance, coarseness, bitterness, and hopelessness? Shall their environment at home inspire and uplift them or degrade them? Shall they be of strong character and stand and walk erect, or shall they cringe and creep and crawl? I leave these questions with you, dear soul, whether you be at the head of a home or any part of it—your duty and responsibility is the same, to a more or less degree.

Spiritual, moral and intellectual growth are essential to peace, understanding, wisdom and happiness.—A. Z.

In an honest bargain both parties gain.
—F. B. Perkins.

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW—NOT
SOMETHING ELSE, BUT THAT.
—Robertson.

Man's body and mind are the inner and outer of the Temple of God. Purified in diet, thought, feeling and action, the Divine dwells therein and manifests its power; impure, the undeveloped spirit (the devil) dwells therein and defiles it. So long as flesh-food, liquor, and other things that defile the body are used, the thoughts coming through this impure channel will be defiled.—L. A. M.

Fear not! Faint not! Be strong in enduring. "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." It is in vain to pine and whine. Every human being has in the sum total an equal amount of grief and sorrow, and the true test of manhood and greatness and nobleness of character is how we endure our griefs. Out of long and tremendous suffering come the great souls of earth unscarred and with cheery countenance.

"Trouble or adversity is as good as anything else if we only have enough of it." Dark and weary paths always precede or lead to sunshiny and glad some days. We have passed through the Dark Ages and are now in the Age of Light—the beginning of the Golden Age. Weary souls, I plead with you, be strong and patient and faint not.

The way at times may dark and weary seem,
No ray of sunshine on our path may beam,
The dark clouds hover o'er us like a pall,
And gloom and sadness seem to compass all,
But still, with honest purpose toil we on;
And, if our steps be upright, straight and true,
Far in the East, a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

Emerson says: "Every excess causes a defect, every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner." The levelling law of compensation is always at work.

A CURE FOR SPINAL CURVATURE.

A New Appliance Which Is Accomplishing Such Wonderful Good as to Astonish Scientists.

The scientific world is just now greatly interested in an Appliance which has been invented for the correction and cure of that terribly deforming and exceedingly painful disease, curvature of the spine. Physicians have been experimenting for years in an effort to find such a cure but it has remained for a man, who was himself a victim of the disease and who knew the tortures of the old, so-called methods of cure, to succeed. This Appliance is now being manufactured in Jamestown, N. Y., by the Philo-Burt Mfg. Co., 70 Tenth street, and physicians who have given it careful tests, as well as patients who have been cured, say that it is not only in every way infinitely superior to the old jackets of plaster-of-Paris, leather, etc., but that it has accomplished and is accomplishing wonderful cures. It is almost in the nature of a nine days' wonder, except that it is doing permanent good to men and women who are telling of it with unbounded gratitude. The Appliance has what is described as an uplifting effect which brings infinite relief to sufferers. One physician, Dr. L. De V. Wilder, of "The Alpine," 53 West 33d Street, New York, has written a most enthusiastic letter to the inventor. "I do not believe a spinal appliance was ever invented," he says, "that has given such universal satisfaction and has such prospects for the future as yours has to-day. It has the merit of cheapness and adaptability no other has ever afforded."

The Appliance is manufactured for general sale and is adapted to all cases, but each one is made in strict accordance with the measurements given for the individual case under the personal supervision of expert mechanics, who have had long experience in the work—so that a perfect fit is absolutely assured, and when such good is accomplished by an invention it is a charity and a kindness to humanity to spread the knowledge of it as widely as possible.

Full information concerning this invention can be had by writing the manufacturers at the above address, and no better course could possibly be followed by a sufferer than to secure complete detail of it, which may be had at the cost of a postal card or a two-cent stamp.

The same firm manufactures appliances for weak abdominal muscles, protuberant abdomen and similar troubles. These are built upon the same principles as the spinal appliance and accomplish excellent results in cases of weakness and derangement from whatever cause. The benefits already received by persons who have been crippled and broken down by deformity are remarkable in the eyes of the medical profession.

TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

By OLIE MAXFIELD

Written Expressly for The Magazine of Mysteries

OUR home is away down over the southern border of Arizona, in that dreamy old country, Mexico. It stands in the hills—a massive pile of rocks, older than the oldest inhabitant of the surrounding country. Tradition said it had been built by the Jesuits for a mission, but the Apaches, resenting the white men's advances, had murdered the little settlement.

My brother and I were born here, and our mother had never known another home. We, my brother and I, called the old place "The Pile," and gradually the servants and the Spaniards of the surrounding country have adopted the name, until now, if you were to come here, any one could direct you to "The Pile."

It is not prepossessing as a building and yet there is something weird about it. The massive rock house, which might be called a castle, set in a garden of beautiful flowering shrubs and southern vines. You reach it by a winding path up the hillside, through groves and beside little streams.

One side of the house, the old historical portion, is almost hidden by vines, some of which are in bloom nearly the entire year. To the right of "The Pile," perhaps five or six and twenty rods from the original building, rises a broken marble slab, which marks the last resting place of our maternal grandfather. I remember playing there with my brother all during the long summer days, with our mother sitting on a rustic bench sewing and our dear grandmother beside her, with us yet not seeing us, dreaming of the past when yonder sleeper wooed and won her in her Northern home among New England hills.

Sometimes she would wake from her reverie and tell us children of her girlhood days. Ah! those must have been happy times "when Grandma Carthage was a girl."

For over forty years she had lived here and never been any further from "The Pile" than grandfather's grave. She spent every pleasant day there at his tomb, dreaming of the past parting and the future meeting. She had her own chapel adjoining her room, where, even yet, we gather for family worship.

In the warm, dreamy evenings we would gather around her chair, in her cozy sitting room, especially during the damp winter season, when a cheerful fire was kept burning in the open grate.

The rainy season set in early this year, and never before did we enjoy those happy evenings in our grandma's room as we did that winter. My brother Lawrence had returned to "The Pile" to spend the holidays. On Christmas Eve we were sitting by the open grate, popping corn and telling stories, much to the delight of our elders. Laurie had related a wonderful tale of the pranks played on the worthy professor and had completed the series of stories by one of a "ghost."

This set us all to telling of haunted houses, headless bodies and other equally exciting visitations.

I said that all shared in this sport. Grandma Carthage sat in the center of the group, her head resting on a cushion and her eyes studying the portrait of her husband, which hangs over the mantel. My mother saw, and correctly translating her mood, kept us talking—father, Laurie and I—until grandma, noting a pause, said with such a sad look in her eyes:

"Children, I do not feel as strong as usual to-night. I fear I will not be with you many more times, but when I have passed to the other shore, I shall like to think that you are all sitting here as we have for so many years. I want you to feel that, although I have passed from you, I have only gone before. I want to tell you one more story, the last I shall probably ever tell you. It is sacred to me, therefore it will be such to you."

"You all know the story of my girlhood—how I was born and raised in the dear old New England hills. I was sixteen when I first met your grandfather—Allan Carthage. He was very handsome and popular. The son of a wealthy senator never lacks popularity and friends."

"Our love was mutual from the first, and in less than two years we were married."

"Soon after our marriage, not over a year, the Mexican War broke out, and my husband enlisted. My whole life seemed to go with him that sad day as I stood at the door of our cottage and watched him until he was far down the little village street, so tall and handsome in the evening twilight. I never saw him after that," and Grandma Carthage wiped away a tear.

"One day, about three months after he left, I was busy about my work. The sun never shone brighter and has not since," with a sigh.

"The birds caroled in the trees, flowers bloomed and all Nature seemed jubilant over the return of summer. It was one of those rare days when you feel restless and long to be doing. I remember I was singing an old love song, when I heard a quick step on the porch, and my mother came into the kitchen."

"In her hand she held a letter, and I knew by her face that something terrible had happened, although she made a brave attempt to be natural. She greeted me very gently, but I cried impetuously:

"What is it, mother? What has happened? Is it Allan?"

"I do not remember how she told me or what she did. I knew only one thing: Allan, my husband, had been killed in an encounter with the Mexicans. They said I stood like one dazed, and as the news in all of its terror penetrated my benumbed brain I fainted."

"Many long days wore themselves into weeks before I regained consciousness, and when I did my mother, my poor, fatherless babe, was placed in my arms."

"The weary war dragged to an end, and one day I received a letter from my husband's colonel. He said that my husband had been faithful and brave and had died like a hero. He was wounded several times, but not fatally, and insisted on staying on the field until he fainted from the loss of blood. He was carried to an improvised hospital, where he died, and they laid him to rest nearby."

"My mother had died during the war and left a large fortune to be equally divided between my brother Henry and myself, and this, with my husband's estate, left me independent."

"A great longing to see my husband's last resting place caused me to persuade my brother to bring me here, but he did not consent without considerable coaxing."

"On arriving here, after a long and tiresome journey, for you see we did not have as easy a time travelling then as now, we found many evidences of the fierce battle that had been fought here only a few months before."

"We made inquiries and found the negro who had helped to nurse the wounded, and he told me about my husband."

"He remembered him well as a very brave man. He pointed out the spot where he received his wounds, the room in which he died and his bare, unmarked grave. He told me that the place was for sale, that it was impossible to find a purchaser, as it was said to be haunted, and he related tales that would vie with yours, Laurie, in the spectral line."

"It was no easy matter to persuade Henry to let me buy it, but again I carried my point, but only on condition that he and his wife were to live here with me. So it was settled, and we came here to live, and since that day, over forty years ago, I have never left these hills, nor shall I. Your mother was educated in the States, where she met your father, Francis Rivers, and they were married here, and you two, Laurie and Elaine, were born here."

"I remember as well as though it were only yesterday the first day and night spent here. Henry and his wife occupied the little room adjoining mine, now my chapel; I stayed here in the room where my husband died. I could not sleep, so I slipped on a loose dress and sat down by the window, thinking and mourning. The marble monument gleamed in the pure, silvery moon-

light. I could see the tall, white lilies nodding their pretty heads in the soft breeze, and it seemed as though I could almost read the inscription on the stone:

"ALLAN CARTHAGE,
"Jan. 20th, 1822—June 24th, 1846,"

and below it the words:

"Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friends."

"My baby's cradle stood there, just where your mother is sitting, and the quiet breathing told me that she slept."

"I sat there in deepest misery for a long time, it might have been two or three hours, when suddenly the lonely, desolate feeling left me, and I seemed to be at peace. I cannot describe it; I seemed to know that I was safe and to feel my husband's protecting presence. It was like sitting beside him in the dark, without touching, seeing or hearing him. I did not pause to reason. I simply realized that my husband's wondrous love had conquered all obstacles and come to me from the Great Unknown, through the Gates of Death."

"For an indefinite length of time we sat there in silent communion. Then some impulse caused me to rise, and crossing the room, I knelt at my baby's cradle. For only a few minutes the living and the dead knelt beside the silent sleeper, and then, with what seemed to me a soft caress, he left me. As I felt him leave me something seemed to snap here"—laying her hand on the base of her brain—"and I woke from what seemed to be a stupor."

"I rose and went to the window. Everything was as quiet and peaceful as before. The moon shone just as brilliantly, and the fragrance of the jessamine was carried in through the open window. It certainly was not a dream, for I had not slept, nor did I that night. Daylight found me still sitting by the window."

"With the return of the sun came my brother's wife, to see how I had slept. She was very frightened when she saw the bed untouched and me dressed by the window, nor did it ease her mind any when I told her of the night's experience. She tried to persuade me to go to bed and let her send for a doctor, but I knew that I was not sick. Then she tried to laugh at me, but when she saw how earnest I was she changed her mood and humored me."

"Never since that night has my husband failed to come to me, and we always visited our daughter until she went to the States."

"I know that you think my broodings have turned my brain, but, be as it is, my life has been happier for it, and when I die I pray that it may be there by the window where I have passed so many peaceful hours."

"Now, kiss me and go; I am not as strong as usual to-night."

We did not laugh at our grandma, but each received her "good-night kiss" and left her in silence.

In the morning, when we went to her room, we found her sitting in her armchair by the window—dead—with a peaceful smile on her lips. Her spirit had passed over the river into that vast, unknown future. She had gone as she had wished—with her husband."

As I gazed at her peaceful face I wondered if her trouble had really turned her brain, or is it possible for such deep, true love to return to its companion spirit? Let none of us judge."

Whether real or imaginary, the presence of her husband had helped her to pass many a sad, restless hour. It taught her submission, faith and love and gave to us a sweet companion."

Another mound was built beside grandfather's and another inscription was carved on the monument:

"HELEN COSWELL CARTHAGE,
"August 4, 1826—May 29, 1894."

Cheer Up!

SCOWLING and growling will make a man old;

Money and fame at the best are beguiling;

Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—

Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;

Why should you think you will find her by roving?

Never was greater mistake than to hate—

Try loving.

—John Esten Cooke.



O Nature! Sweet to every stricken one,
Thy voice, infinite in harmony,
Chants secret things of peace.

—A. S. Hardy.

HEALTH is natural, dis-ease an abnormal state that comes through some break in the law of Nature—disconnection from Infinite Life.

To be in health we must live naturally, which is to say divinely, and not unnaturally.

Our mental science and metaphysics and prayers avail us little if we go against the Eternal Voice of Nature, which says live pure, clean and simple lives, with plenty of useful work—occupation.

The Bible, all religions, all philosophy, all great works on hygiene, physiology, *materia medica*, persistently and insistently demand pure living, with much useful work, as the natural means of perfect health and happiness.

All men and women in all ages who have lived long, useful and happy lives have lived in the divine or natural way—with purity, simplicity, purpose, work and high aspirations.

Plenty of Love and Hope and Faith and Courage, with plenty of work and plenty of Sunlight, Pure Air, Pure Water (externally and internally), and simple, plain foods (nuts, fruits, cereals and vegetables), healthful recreations in the open air, and plenty of sleep and rest, is my plan for health.

Work with thy hands or brain diligently six days and then take one day (Sunday) and give it over absolutely to the God of Life in restful repose, silence or meditation, if you would recreate your mind and body once each week.

Work six days and take complete rest the seventh, if you would know how sweet and delightful life is.

It is astounding how much good work one can do for years and years and how healthy and happy he or she will be who works tremendously six days and completely rests on the seventh.

By resting on the Seventh Day I mean keeping calm and quiet and letting the mind dwell on holy and serene things or thinking very little. This particularly applies to those engaged in mental occupations.

Men and women who labor long hours in shops, mills, factories, mines, farming, etc., are recreated by quiet diversions and amusements—the park, the seaside resort, band concerts, the reading of our modern, up-to-date Sunday paper, a magazine, the latest novel or whatever their mind inclines to that does not cause them to riot, revel and dissipate.

I am one who sees tremendous forces for good in all such mild dissipations as reading the so-called pernicious Sunday papers and the latest novel by our toilers and laborers. These are mediums that contain much good and some little bad mental food for our toilers of small leisure.

Anything that stimulates the mind in a moderate way is good. Men, unless they are sages and seers, who do not read much, are dull and stupid and lack healthy imagination.

Many of our greatest men—deep and profound thinkers to-day—at one period or degree of their evolution read so-called "yellow" literature—light and frothy matter.

The health of mind and body and the health in our homes depend much upon how many books, magazines and papers we buy and read.

Every well-regulated home should have a well-stocked reading room or a library and thus save doctors' bills.

One dollar's worth of literature in a home, if read, will probably save the buying of two dollars' worth of medical advice or medicine.

Buy books and subscribe for papers and periodicals with a liberal purse and read them. This is especially good advice with respect to our metaphysical, spiritual and advanced thought literature, which we have now in this Age of Light in great abundance and at a little cost.

While I am broad and liberal in my views with respect to mental and spiritual food for others, believing that the soul of each is better able to determine its selections than I can, I can testify that personally my most inspiring and helpful and healthful thoughts are those found in the good old Bible, Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, Milton, Shakespeare, the Vedas, the Talmud and our great Emerson. From these sources I get many suggestions that lead me to the Path of Truth.

In no one book have I found sufficient to satisfy my soul and mind that it contained all the truth. But I am digressing; let us get back to health secrets, and especially health in the home.

One thing is sure, the Blessed God, the loving Father of All, and the Christ Spirit, and the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Angels, must dwell in the home at all times before we can expect any degree of health or happiness there.

With this Blessed Holy Trinity and the Angels in our homes dis-ease will be unknown.

Then we will know what it is to feel the infinite bliss of Nature in every cell, tissue, vein, and muscle.

Then the home will be the abode of eternal souls, or angels who "still live" in the Spiritualized flesh which is full of life, health, vigor, energy and youth. "Hearts can be young in spite of gray hairs."

Then the home will be Heaven on Earth, as it should be, being our best and grandest institution—the abode of God, Angels and eternal souls.

O, blessed souls, who read these paragraphs, I urge you in His blessed Name to open the doors and windows of your houses and let God and His Angels come in as your honored guests to dwell with you forever.

Do this, dear souls, and you will need read no writings on "Health in the Home," for with the Omnipresent, Omniscient and Omnipotent One dwelling with you forever, you will have Eternal Life and Eternal Peace.

Truth frees the soul by burning away the veils of ignorance, superstition, fear and all false conceit of knowledge.

Truth is the purger of souls and can only begin to reach us when we have a fervent, burning and persistent desire to know and a yearning in the soul, heart and mind to be pure, whole and free. The first step toward being freed and blessed by Truth is to have an earnest and continuous desire in the soul, heart and mind for her. It is then the bright Angel of Truth appears and gives us light.

God knows my life has for many and great periods been filled with bitter grief through what the world calls adversity, and God knows, too, that while I lost all that the world calls much, and was near the fainting point many a time through weakness of painful disease that brought me nigh unto death's door, I did not faint, because I did not murmur or complain and patiently waited and hoped—endured. After each such experience with adversity, I come out a stronger and better man. I give this testimony that it may touch some soul battling with adversity; that it may rouse hope within and bring cheer and sunshine into soul, heart and mind; that it may help it to endure without fainting. "Hope until old age, that's my motto; there will be time enough for memory after."

Why fret thee, soul,
For things beyond thy small control;
Do but thy part and thou shalt see
Heaven will have charge of these and thee.
Sow thou the seed, and wait in peace
The Lord's increase.

Nothing in the universe can crush you, blessed, eternal soul, but your own faint heart and dark thoughts. If you feel crushed, remember these two lines:

"The good are better made by ill;
And odors crushed are sweeter still."

From this very moment cure your vertigo, caused by adversity, fear and doubt, and let your mind become cool and composed, that there may be peace to the soul and strength and gladness in the heart. Then God will help you with His mighty strength and power. The Holy Spirit will dwell with you and soothe and strengthen you. Stand erect and—

"Walk boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;

There is a Hand above will help thee on."

Great strength and great light come when we cease to faint. Without fainting we begin to build character. We all admire that soul that is all grit, hope and courage, and who lets nothing disturb his peace or tranquillity, happen what may. That is character in its highest development. Self-pity and self-condemnation and craving for sympathy will weaken you in adversity and bring you to the fainting point. Have none of it. Be brave and courageous, suffer and endure *silently* and *patiently*. Speak of your adversity to God alone, and then, without whine or murmur or complaint, "O Blessed Father! I ask Thee only for strength not to faint; that is all."

It is both sinful and enervating to complain about anything. Complain, if you would weaken your character and give adversity and calamity real power and dominion over you. Listen to the cheering words of the poet, Sidney Lanier:

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will,
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The dark bath many dear avails;
The dark distills divinest dew;
The dark is rich with nightingales;
With dreams, and with the heavenly muse.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain not thou, O heart, for these
Bank in the currents of the will,
To uses, arts, and charities.

A TRUE SAYING.

"Most Men Dig Their Graves With Their Teeth."

The wrong kind of food fills more graves than any other cause. It is easy to retain good health by the use of proper food and it is pleasant, too. The Rev. G. M. Lodge, of Iowa City, Iowa, made a successful experiment.

"I am 65 years of age and a preacher. Last winter I went to Kansas and had charge of two churches. A little use of Grape-Nuts food made me believe it to be a true brain and nerve builder; I wanted to experiment further with it so I used Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper for more than three months with the best results. I not only never had better health in my life, but the effect on my brain was wonderful. I had become forgetful of names and persons and things, was often unable to recall even the names of old friends.

"After using Grape-Nuts for two weeks, forgotten names came to me, and as the days and weeks passed my memory was wonderfully quickened as to names and dates and mental ability in general. I could preach without manuscript or notes as never before, and in a month or less I said to myself: 'Grape-Nuts is a brain food,' and as such I now recommend it.

"It also gives health and blood, nerve and muscle. Cheerfully and earnestly I advise students, clergymen, teachers and all mental workers to use Grape-Nuts steadily and systematically, if you wish to excel in mental and literary work, renew your age and feel well. It is the best nerve and brain food I have ever known."



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The magnetism of the earth
Is a great and wondrous thing,
Until we rise above its powers
And hear the planets sing.

We know then that there is a love,
Of which we are a part,
That sheds its rays upon us all,
Into each human heart.

It sways our thoughts, renews our breath,
And causes us to move,
It governs both great Jove and Mars
And gives us power to love.

—Zamael.

MRS. C. J. S.—Being born under the zodiacal sign Sagittarius and on Nov. 30, 1850, you come under the rule of the third of the fiery signs. This sign is the one which corresponds to the ninth house, or the house of religion and science, in the regular horoscope. It endows you with excellent religious qualifications. Your mind is noble and exalted and leads you to the contemplation of the highest ideals. I also find planetary indications, showing an excess of vitality and psychic forces which, combined with your excellent intuitional qualities, may lead to the cultivation of clairvoyance or clairaudience. You have sound reasoning ability, and should succeed well in life. There have been some antagonistic conditions which have troubled you during the past two years, but you are now overcoming these, and the future is much brighter for you. Your astrological colors are red and yellow. The topaz is one of the most favorable stones for you to use as a birth stone.

MRS. N. B. F.—You were born under the second of the airy zodiacal signs and, of course, the description given to a person born in Libra will describe some of your characteristics, but the positions of the majority of the planets are different in your case, and give you a domestic nature, inclining you to have success in agricultural or domestic work of some character; you have a strong love for home and companionship. There are strong financial indications, showing that you can become well off, long before the close of life, if you practice a little economy. You have, however, an open, free-hearted nature and are very generous. Knowing this, some of your friends are liable to impose on you and ask too much of you. Your astrological colors are crimson and blue, which are also very favorable colors to use in the decoration of your rooms. Rays of light from these colors will have a beneficial effect upon your health. You are most liable to suffer from illness affecting the liver, and you will find much relief from occasional fasting, allowing the system to renew itself by a period of complete rest.

ELEANOR FRANCIS, born March 23, 1835.—The ruler of the day of your birth was Venus and the ruler of the sign under which you were born is the planet Mars. Being born under these influences, you have an energetic and impulsive disposition, which inclines you to desire much change and travel to a considerable extent. There are strong indications that you will become well off long before the close of life, but you do not have the success in social affairs which you really desire. Your ruling planet was not favorably placed at the time of your birth. It was in a position which causes you to have much unnecessary anxiety and worry. If you will cultivate contentment and cheerfulness, you will get along much better, for there is really no cause for the worry in which you indulge. You have numerous friends, who are quite influential, and through whose assistance and advice you can make financial gains. You will be much benefited by trying to control the action of the mind and concentrating your thoughts upon studies of a spiritual and occult character. The bloodstone is your birth stone. One of your most fortunate days throughout life will be Tuesday.

J. H., born Feb. 3, 1846.—This date of birth brings you under the ruling of the zodiacal sign Aquarius. This is the third sign of the airy triplicity and a sign which is noted for the power which it gives its natives in psychological development and also in artistic qualifications. There is no doubt that you can be very successful in merchandising in the occupation which you have chosen, if you will hold steadfastly to it, for you are shown to be firm and steady. You have excellent reasoning ability, and although slightly excitable at times, your intuitions are good. You also have some artistic qualities or good ideas in regard to the display and sale of goods which should make you successful in this line. Clerical ability is shown, and you would have success in bookkeeping or in the mathematical part of your business. You will find Saturdays and Tuesdays to be your best days throughout life, if you will take them as a whole, but you cannot take these two days from any one week only. Your astrological colors are white and blue. Your birth stone is the garnet.

A. H. C.—As you were born on Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1846, and as the Sun was located in the earthy, zodiacal sign Scorpio, I find you to have been endowed with some psychic qualities of a good order. The Moon was full upon the day of your birth and was passing through a portion of the zodiac, which would increase those qualities, especially as this planetary body had just passed a conjunction with the planet Uranus. There is indication of some inventiveness and excellent intuitional qualities. Your work in life, as a rule, should be something which requires you to devote most of your time to writing. You will have good success in some speculative enterprises, but your impulses are liable to lead you to take unnecessary risks, and if you are not careful to combine your intuitions with your reasoning faculties, you may be brought into some loss. There are very favorable indications for the coming year, and I believe it will be one of your most successful periods. You will find your astrological colors and stones indicated under the descriptions given some of the others who are born in this sign, Scorpio.

G. P. C., born Oct. 19, 1849.—The day of your birth, Friday, was ruled by the planet Venus. This planetary body I find located in the latter part of the sign Virgo, while you were born under the airy zodiacal sign Libra. This sign is the second or middle sign of the Airy triplicity. These positions endow you with extraordinary in-

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tuitional powers. The position of the planetary bodies in your horoscope would show you to have been born under very favorable conditions and to have good prospects of success in life. Clerical ability of some nature or literary ability is clearly indicated. Your description is similar in some respects to that of the person just described, but there are some indications also of an impulsive mentality which would lead you to some loss of friendships unless you are careful to cultivate generosity and kindness. You must always be careful to avoid any changes in your occupation. Your astrological colors are crimson and blue. The sign of the Zodiac under which you were born would give the sapphire as your birth stone.

Z. S., Pt. Fortune, Me., born Feb. 9, 1859.—The above date was Wednesday, a day ruled by the planet Mercury, and as you were born on that date you come under the rule of the sign Aquarius. This is the last sign of the airy triplicity. You are shown to have good clerical ability, and you can have good success in some occupation which requires you to devote much of your time to writing. You are also shown to have good success in business for yourself and should be very careful to avoid going into partnerships with others. You have much desire for travel and take frequent journeys, but you should be careful not to let this influence you to changes in your occupation. You have good mental qualities, and if you concentrate your mind upon one line of work you can achieve much success. Attention to religious and philosophical pursuits will prove very beneficial to you. Your astrological colors are white and blue. Your birth stone is the garnet.

Miss M. A., Topeka, Kan., born Nov. 29, 1895.—The above date was Friday, and as you were born on that date, you come under the rule of the sign Sagittarius. This is the last sign of the fiery triplicity. Most persons born under this sign have an honest and frank nature. You will have success in almost any one line of occupation, but must avoid changes, as they are shown to be almost always detrimental to you. You have impulsive tendencies of the mind, which you should seek to control, as these prevent your forming and holding strong and influential friendships. You accomplish well almost anything upon which you start, and often you put your whole force into the accomplishment of one purpose. You will be much benefited by the study of occult science, and should concentrate your mind upon reading of scientific subjects. One of your most fortunate days throughout life is Thursday. Your astrological colors are yellow and green. Your birth stone is the topaz.

N. E. B.—The sign of the Zodiac under which you were born, on Aug. 7, 1859, was Leo. This is the second of the fiery, impulsive signs, but as this sign rules the heart of man, it is conducive to a strong development of the love-nature and gives you affection for home and a love of society which makes you to have many firm and steadfast friends. Should it become necessary for you to labor for your own support, you will find that you can achieve best success through occupation of a clerical nature among books, papers or stationery or some work of a like nature, which requires you to devote much of your time to writing. Red and green are your astrological colors and the ruby is your birth stone.

S. F.—Being born under the sign Sagittarius, on Nov. 27, 1858, and near the hour of midnight, I find much psychic power indicated in your horoscope. I would advise you by all means to devote much of your attention to reading and study along occult lines. You have passed through sorrow and tribulation, which has had a refining effect upon you, and you will now be enabled to develop qualities which you could

not have developed heretofore. You will not attain your best success until the year 1904. During that year the planet Jupiter will make a good aspect to your Sun's original position and will have much influence in assisting you. You will find red and yellow to be favorable colors in assisting your development of the psychic faculties. Your birth stone is a topaz.

Mrs. E. N. J., born Dec. 27, 1855.—The zodiacal positions show that you were born under the sign Capricorn, and that you are best qualified for work of a domestic or agricultural character. You have always had a strong love for home, and you have been able to form influential friendships. About two years ago you suffered the loss of a friend who was very dear to you, and since that time there have been some unfavorable financial conditions affecting you quite strongly. You are gradually overcoming these, and after the beginning of the year 1903 the future is very bright for you. Brown and russet are your astrological colors. The turquoise is your birth stone. The positions are favorable for an improvement in health during the next year, and 1904 will be favorable to your financial affairs.

M. M. R., born May 30, 1877.—The ruler of the day of your birth was the planet Saturn, and the ruler of the sign under which you were born was the planet Mars. This is the ruler of the first of the fiery signs, Aries. These planets, though often classed as malefic, are not truly so in their action at all times, but are the cause of some of the impulsive tendencies which are inherent to you. Mars is also very frequently the cause of excellent intellectual development, and this I find to be true in your case. You have excellent financial prospects, and if you concentrate your mind upon the accomplishment of a purpose, you can almost always succeed in bringing it about. The only troubles with you are that you are liable to change too quickly and before you have received the full benefit of your labors. If you will invest a little in real estate, you will find that it will give you good profit, and you will gradually gain in health. There is an indication of some artistic tendencies. These I should advise you to cultivate if possible. Your birth stone is the blood-stone.

Mrs. W. E. C., born Jan. 1, 1870.—The indications of the planets in your case are such as would openly show some troubles in domestic affairs. Although your husband would be a naturally kind and indulgent person, there would be something in either your attitude or his which would cause a disagreement or possibly a separation. You must be very careful in this respect. Give out kindness and love to the greatest possible extent. You will find that this will not only hold friendships, but also domestic ties more closely; your friendships will have a very beneficial influence upon you. You have more favorable prospects for 1903 than you have had during the past year or, in fact, the past three years, and the trouble has been caused by the positions of the planets in the sign under which you were born, which is Capricorn. Your birth stone is a turquoise. Your astrological colors are brown and red.

E. M., born July 10, 1864.—The zodiacal indications on the day of your birth show that you have been born under very favorable circumstances and in trine aspect to the planet Jupiter to the Sun's position in your horoscope would be a sure indication of health. There is no doubt but what your life will be a very fortunate one, and especially so during the year 1903. The planet Jupiter will then again come into an aspect affecting both the Sun's and his own original place as at the time of your birth. This is one of the most important periods and indicates success which should be better

than any time during the past—in dealing with food products of almost any kind. You will achieve your best results in some occupation which brings you constantly into the society of many different people. Sundays and Mondays are your most fortunate days throughout life. The emerald is your birth stone.

The Mystics dearly love All in the Universe, and know All are One and All are going onward, forward and upward to perfection. We tell ALL that the goal for ALL is the same perfect knowledge, perfect bliss and Eternal Life.

No matter in which sign of the Zodiac you were born, you have some good natural tendencies, which, if cultivated, will lead to health, prosperity and happiness. Understanding this, we, in a certain way, tell you exactly what to do to overcome everything that does not make for health, prosperity and happiness.

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"Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream."—*St. Matthew 1, 20.*

A DREAM, to have significance, must occur to the sleeper while in a healthy and tranquil sleep.

Those dreams of which we have no vivid conception or clear remembrance have no significance.

To have beautiful dreams and night visions one must have a high spiritual nature.

The Angels do appear to us in dreams. The Bible says so. (Read Bible authority at head of this column.) But aside from the Good Book, wise and God-loving seers of all ages have interpreted dreams, and will continue to do so in the future.

Much discredit—and rightfully so—has been brought upon interpreters of dreams because so many alleged "fortune-tellers" and charlatans have fooled the credulous—for a money consideration.

I never receive any money for this work, outside of a regular salary, and never will. I will gladly interpret your dreams, and will be pleased to hear from the subscribers of this Magazine with accounts of their dreams.

I belong to a great brotherhood of Mystic Adepts, and in the name of that High and Sacred Order I pledge myself to treat all correspondence as sacredly confidential.

We will now honor our spiritual guides and controls and ask them to aid us in interpreting the following dreams:

MISS JESSIE C. GIBSON, Allegheny, Pennsylvania.—Your dream is a pleasure to read, and it is certainly unique as well. The meaning is clear, and is an interpretation of your own good self. You are sweet and calm, and to one who is a thinker and a dreamer (as you undoubtedly are), it bespeaks the possession of that wonderful talent—Patience—which so few of us have. I mean the kind of patience that will bear interruptions, which, being strictly interpreted, means, breaks upon one's progress. And, after all, you know, true patience is only another name for Self-Control. Inroads upon this talent are made at all times: the minister at work upon his sermon, the merchant at his desk, the woman deep in the hard work of her household—these and many more are called upon in their hours of labor, and they are expected to smile and give you their time as if they had nothing more to do than to give you of their cheer. They do. But they pay the price.

MRS. ELLA GARCIA, Sutter, Sutter Co., California.—The beautiful vine that clambered over the house is a sign of progression for you in every sense of the word; and the fact that the birds flitted in and about the vines, and did not sing, saved the dream absolutely from an unhappy meaning. You must look up and beyond, for thereby is your salvation. Only hope. Leave all the rest to Him.

MRS. NELLIE M. FRENCH, 223 York St., Quincy, Illinois.—All the power you had in your dream will certainly make you more powerful in reality. Think of this dream often, and gather power from it. The coffin you saw plays no morbid part at all. Quite to the contrary it means more abundant life. Dreaming so often of seeing signs in the heavens is just what it implies—celestial results. The three initials F. R. R. mean that disinterested Friendship reveals the Royal Road to Heaven, but few there be that find it. You will, if you continue in the same path you have marked out for yourself. Among other gifts, you have the talent of expression. Live up to that in so far as you can. Rendering loving service is the key-note to all that is really great and good.

MRS. E. REIMANN, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—Mercy, no. The Dead are never angry. Your husband is a little anxious for fear you will not take advantage of your present circumstances. Harbor the thought that you may be able to have for your own another home. That is always a woman's privilege and right. Considering the very important point that you have once in your lifetime built a nest wherein it was a joy to rest, and forget the carking

cares of the world, makes it plain to be seen by all men that you can do so again. Let this thought sink into your soul, and the reality will soon be revealed.

MRS. A. L. DE AREMAN, Carthage, Missouri.—A musical dream is always excellent, no matter what it might entail. Furthermore, to have music in one's soul, even in the Realm of Dreams, is a direct upliftment to God. It is a call to you to make more of yourself. Make of yourself a musician, even if you are not one already. This lies well within your power. I can only say in conclusion that your dream as you have related it to me, has a special radiation of Love and Mystery. Think upon it seriously and let thy efforts be toward making of thyself a musician in its noblest and broadest sense. The concord of sweet sounds has turned many a savage into a soul that kindled to God whenever the music was vouchsafed him to hear.

MRS. CARRIE KNOX, Minneapolis, Minnesota.—I am very sorry you have been obliged to wait so long for an interpretation of your dream; I can only give you this comfort, that you have been one out of many thousands. Then your dreams are especially lucky ones. The sense of smell is one of the subtlest of all the senses, and to experience this in a dream is doubly so. To put on and wear a garment wrong side out is a sure sign that something good is to befall you. Live your life from day to day. Meet every issue as it comes. Then when a great issue presents itself it will not seem great, because you have never despised the day of small things.

C. H. W. Saxonberg, Butler County, Pennsylvania.—It is a strange coincidence, but I never yet have had a dream of flying come under my notice but the dreamer experienced a charming sensation. There is a reason for this, because to dream of flying means you are essentially ethereal. There is an ease and grace that comes to one who can lift himself into the air that cannot be given to any other dream. The desire that comes with this is to do for others. And if there is anything better in this world than being loved, it is to love. This is true, as surely as that doing good is better than trying to get good. In any case, I am quite certain that those who truly strive to serve will in the end secure happiness, or, what is far better, will have joy in the ennobling effort to give it. Giving is the only sure way of getting, and it is the only satisfactory way.

B. J. BOSTON, Boston, Massachusetts.—Your dream is not only interesting but remarkably well described. And I might as well say now that you could write for publication if you so chose. The courtesy of the German Emperor toward you is well worth remembering, and you should hold it in remembrance. The difficulties you had with the cabmen I had in the same city of Berlin, but the fact that in your drive you rose higher and higher until your eyes rested upon beautiful surroundings, with the grand finale of the Emperor himself offering you food when your worn-out body needed it, proves beyond the peradventure of a doubt that you will achieve the ambition you have held in your mind these many moons. All women have ambitions, as have men, but the ambition of men consists mostly in the acquiring of sordid gold. For this reason, and justly so, women are considered much more spiritual.

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, Olalla, Douglas County, Oregon.—It has been soul-inspiring to me to read your wonderfully well described dream. The mere contemplation of the heavens themselves would be enough to give this vision, for vision it certainly was, a meaning beyond the reach of most men's souls. You are to be blest with unbounded strength and unlooked-for clairvoyance. When you gave voice to the expression, "In my opinion, kind friends, there will be no to-morrow, as we understand the term, for any of us," your sad depression of spirits, and, later on, the sudden transition from sorrow to joy, mean that in reality your own progression will be in just such a ratio. And I rejoice with you that this is to be. In all my long experience of the reading and interpreting

of dreams, your dream and the description of it ranks among the finest, most ethereal and subtle. For which I thank you.

VICTOR, Bristol, Connecticut.—You enjoyed a beautiful atmosphere, from every point of view, and when dreams have atmospheres you may be sure their meaning counts for something worth while. Another good sign is to know that your eye traveled from shore to shore, with the weather delightful, the water clear as the light from an effulgent sun, and you, in the meantime, enjoying a walk through thickly wooded hills. The only disagreeable part of the dream was the discordant voices, but even this was atoned for in the end when the keeper invited you to help yourself from the abundance of his many well-set tables. It is particularly significant that you did not partake of the food offered. Totally unexpected good news will reach you.

L. A. W., Silver Lake, Massachusetts.—To see through distance is ever the happiest of signs, for it means a peculiar clairvoyance beyond the ken of most mortals. Strange as it may appear, the seeing of the blessed Lord means less, much less, than the appearance of the multitudes floating out of the mist, for here, again, does your wonderful, and yet subtle, clairvoyance play an important part. We thank you heartily for your appreciative words concerning our Magazine, and, somehow, as often as we receive these words of praise and special commendation, we still experience the same rejoicing when a new subscriber tells us the same old story.

"BURNING STAR," Centralia, Illinois.—The fact of your having seen a fire in your vivid dream does not carry with it half the significance that the German speech of your uncle did. Saturn is not the happiest of the planets, but he was passing out when your dream occurred. But the most telling part of the whole dream was when you halted in front of the West Side School, for that means that you will ever keep your youth and happiness, if you will only wake up your mind to lead a normal, sane life.

All persons who write to this Magazine are helped by us in the Silent and Mystic way. If you do not receive a special letter or see your dream answered in print your letter has been attended to. We are tremendous workers, day and night. Most of our work is done through prayer and messages to the Spirit Realms. Where we see special help is needed we call for it.

But remember, dear readers, you must help yourselves. Don't lean on us. Nothing will come if you do. Get down on your knees and do some old-fashioned, earnest praying. We reach the Eternal Good by prayer, meditation, work, mediums and all the unseen forces of the universe. Every section of this glorious country has either a minister, a rabbi, a priest, a Spiritualist medium or some spiritually minded man. If in trouble or doubt, go to this Man of God and open your heart and soul to him, and help will come through him. The spirit works through ALL religions and all cults and all sects.

We are always pleased to hear from the subscribers to this Magazine, and cordially invite all of you to send in your dreams for interpretation.

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Truth

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Do what you can,
Not what you cannot;
Not what you think ought to be done,
Not what you would like to do;
Not what you would do if you had more time,
Not what somebody else thinks you ought to do,
But do what you can.

Thus says Truth. The Great Spirit of the universe always whispers this grand truth to the soul: "Do what you can." Moreover, do what you can with love, with a cheerful heart and a glad mind.

Truth keeps the soul in the real path of progress and evolution and takes out of the mind all vain delusions. With Truth as our guide, we do no unseemly thing and are not perniciously active. Truth makes a man willing that God should order and run the universe; it takes our weak and puny hands off the lever that regulates all the machinery of the universe. Truth shows us how best to fit that part of the great machine for which we were intended and not try to be the whole machine. Truth makes man a true and blessed worker for the good of the Whole and not a disturber or agitator—a retarder of progress.

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high
That no presumptuous hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

Search diligently all history and it will be found that all great men and women who did great and lasting works and made on the world an indelible impression were God-loving, praying men. All religions are founded and sustained by countless prayers. All great individuals, commonwealths and nations are founded and sustained by prayer to God. Be with me, O Lord, at all times, for abandoned to myself I shall surely fall.

In hope a king doth go to war;
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far;
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed;
Thus hope helps thousands at their need;
Then, faint not, heart, among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

—Alison.

With hope, which is the best and highest prayer to God, the most miserable wretch in the world can rise to peace and glory. "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord," said David.

The senses are not the abode of the soul. Sensualism distracts and disturbs our higher nature and racks it with pain and agony and shame. A serene and holy calm is unknown to him who lives wholly in the senses—in sensual pleasures. We reach supreme bliss only when we live in soul, heart and mind. Pleasure delights the senses; happiness the heart; bliss the soul and spiritualized mind. Or, rather, we get pleasure and its opposite—pain—when we feed the senses; happiness when we feed the heart and mind, and supreme joy and bliss when we feed the soul.

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ALL THE VIRTUES, patience is the greatest. We must ask those who write to this department to be patient. With our large and far-reaching circulation great numbers write us, and as we can print only so many delineations a month, we have to answer a large number by mail, all of which takes time and patience.

INVOCATION

Blessed Angels, Guides and Controls, I honor and love Thee. May we this month get More Light and impress the sorrowful and doubting mortals who write us with the Truth; impress them that we are Eternal Souls under the Mighty Love of the Great God of the Universe, unfolding, developing and progressing; impress them with the gentle love, mercy and wisdom of the Blessed One and the Angels.

E. M. S., Boston, Massachusetts.—Indeed, there is much worth noting in your handwriting. You are patient, kind, forgiving; yes, and even magnanimous. I would have you cultivate the love of the fields and forest. There is much food for thought in this pursuit, to say nothing of the uplifting tendency, that will forever abide with you. Again must I say that the true cultivation of soul is primarily the only thing worth the striving, for it leads you into the realm of eternity, and incidentally it raises the standard of life for those with whom you come in contact. Your recovery will be swift and sure.

Mrs. EMMA GARNER, Shelbyville, Missouri.—There is no valid reason why you should not become a Healer, and a very successful one, for the reason that you are naturally endowed with immense possibilities, and when once living in this line of thought, you will meet with appreciation at every turn. Your only difficulty will be your lack of concentration, but you can easily overcome this. Make up your mind you will excel in this your chosen profession, and there could not be a more noble calling than that of the divine Healer. And keep this wonderful prayer of three words in your mind at all times, as your future Guide, Philosopher and Friend: *Amor Omnia Vincit*—which, being interpreted, means, Love crowns all.

GERTRUDE, Marshalltown, Illinois.—Delighted to serve you in any way, and I am particularly glad to grant the special request you make of Mystic Adept Number Nine. The fine, thin, hair-like lines of your chirography reveal plainly the fact that you have psychic powers of no mean order. You would, I am sure, be a mighty revelation to yourself, if you would take the pains and the time to cultivate this gift. And why do you not? Many who possess it bury the talent, and then wonder why their lives amount to little or nothing. The man who had but the one talent and buried it came to a sad end, you know. See that thou do not likewise. Bear in mind, too, that *Labor has its sure reward*.

BELLE F. BARNARD, Tottenville, Staten Island.—You are a young woman of many ideas, and you think so quickly that there is apt to be a confusion of ideas. What you need most is a balance wheel, and even then it would not be wise to go full steam ahead. Cultivate calm and poise. It is the only way in which you can ever manage to marshal those teeming ideas that seem to emanate from that splendid nervous force of your gray matter. In other words, you are more clever and brainier than the ordinary woman, and it is certainly your duty to keep up that reputation. I think you require more sleep and fresh air than you are at present enjoying.

A. L. FREES, Monera, New Mexico.—Your manly, clear, bold strokes bespeak a man of courage. You would never be afraid to face a situation, no matter how disagreeable or dangerous it might be. And this brings before me another invaluable gift you possess, that of high moral courage. More than that, you have energy enough to move the world. The executive ability indicated means that you are more than capable of being at the head of a great concern. You are marked for success, morally and financially. Living in the West should be a great help to you, for you are led by the spirit, consequently, you are not under the law.

FANNIE L. WILLIAMS, Green Lake, Seattle, Washington.—My good sister, will you accept my best vibrations for your health, wealth and happiness in return for your own charming vibrations that came to me from your pen strokes? It was as sweet and gracious as the odor from a bank of violets. There is a generosity and breadth of scope in your being that would serve to save a land from pestilence and famine. Be of good courage, and you will not so often be cut to the heart. You are over-sensitive. The respect and love you think you have not will come. There is a charm about your personality that all men admire; therefore, it should be your lot to make lasting friends. The figure 39 is a particularly lucky one, for it resolves itself into 13, and this latter figure, contrary to all tradition, is lucky too. Press forward and the prize will be yours.

LIZZIE CARROLL, Mackey, Alabama.—No indeed. We had not forgotten you. We try to remember everybody. There is something very fine and devotional about you, and it would be well if you mingled more among your acquaintances. I see much strength of character, too. Character, you know, is never overwhelmed, or entirely dismayed, let come what will. You are to be relied upon in any emergency—and I should fancy your household is always in order. Your aspirations are ambitious and lofty, and they are bound to be realized, because you have the determination to pursue any struggle until the desired goal is reached.

Mrs. QUEENIE M. WHEAT, Basin, Grand Co., Utah.—Your very even, graceful, gracious hand is a delight to look upon, and I thank you for it, and for the well expressed words of praise bestowed upon THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. Through the reading of it the sad have become cheerful, the sick have been restored to light and life, and the weak have learned not to falter. It is particularly gratifying to know that you and your husband read and discuss its pages together. Still, I should not be surprised at this, for I can see how very harmonious you are. There is a desire to confer favors on your part, and in just the right ratio. You are as happy in receiving as you are in the giving of the good things of life, and therein lies your fine balance of many charming, womanly traits. *Pax vobiscum*.

"SELFMADE," Waltham, Massachusetts.—Progressive and eventful! That expresses it exactly, together with the word *original*, for you are that to a degree, and interestingly so. There is really much for me to read from this, but cruel space forbids me to go beyond the bounds. For instance, you are earnest, executive and determined. You generally accomplish what you resolve to do, in the teeth of all opposition. This, however, does not mean that you never listen to reason. You are rather clever about listening, too. A most rare talent. Nothing makes a personality so inspired as vibrating in the law of Love. Let your love be fine, enthusiastic, of a high tension, that those who pass you by may positively

and negatively receive the scintillations of those subtle radiations.

F. V. LA BOUNTIE, 138 Livingston St., Buffalo, New York.—There is an oddity of construction in your strokes that would catch the eye of a Graphologist at once. You are open, free-hearted and honest, and yet you are not easily understood. I mean open, as you undoubtedly are; many of your finest traits are hidden beneath the surface. It takes a true friend to search for and find these, but he is rewarded, for you, in turn, make a loyal friend. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life, for thou hast given of these freely to all who were happy enough to come within the radius of thy love.

Mrs. CHARLES HANCHETT, Syracuse, New York.—In the first place, let me thank you for sending more than the prescribed ten lines. This in itself shows two traits, generosity and the desire to please. You say you do not quite like the name chosen for the Magazine. It was after many discussions *pro* and *con* that we decided upon its title. I have said before, I think, that a mystery, so called, only remains a mystery until it be revealed. Furthermore, if there is anything upon which we pride ourselves, it is the accomplished fact that we preach plain, practical, every-day Christianity. You are more than intelligent—you are intellectual, fond of detail, constant, kind, ambitious, and determined. Your intuitions are to be depended upon; your wonderfully fine psychic powers should not be neglected. I would like to hear more from you. "Salve!"

ALAN FISHER, Mere, Wiltshire, England.—Your fine, firm, manly handwriting is a pleasure to see. You are well fitted for the difficult but interesting profession you have chosen, for you can grasp things with such comprehensiveness. Then, too, you have a gentle determination, which is totally different from an aggressive one. There is that delightful quality of allowing an idea to sink into your innermost soul, there to let it rest, until it breathes and blossoms. Aside from your intellectuality, which is on the highest plane, you have that which is to be prized above rubies or fine gold—wisdom. I thank you for singing our praises so gracefully, and my successful vibrations go with this to you.

PSEUDO, ALMA, A. R., Chicago, Illinois.—We ask suggestions for the improvement of our Magazine, because we believe in the eternal lines of progression, and because now and again it brings us in touch with just such a charming personality as your own. It gives me more pleasure than I can say to know our paper was a guide and friend when you sorely needed one. Prayers will be offered and incense burned by me in gratitude for your gratitude. "A message from the Infinite!" How gracefully and soulfully you write! Yes, it is more than generous to become critical in accepting a gift, when criticism is invited, as it was in your case. And the angels shall have charge concerning thee, for the radiations from thy soul are fine and infinite. Glory and honor will be thy portion wherever thou mayst go.

When writing you will get better results if you will pen your communication alone in a quiet place. Some letters produce remarkable clairvoyant visions; in such cases I send a personal letter to the writer, so please write your full name (not for publication) and a fictitious name in your letters.

It is always well to utter a silent prayer to all the higher powers for guidance just before you write the letter.

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MANY of our readers write, asking us to suggest books that will help them to reach the higher realms, where they can see and know more about the "Unknown," secret forces, unseen powers and psychic powers. The following books are recommended by the Mystic Adepts, and we will be pleased to supply them, postpaid, at the prices given:

By Henry Wood

IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY. Octavo, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Eleventh edition.

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How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day?
Just one kind word or a cheery smile
As we go on our daily way.

Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face.
And the clasp of a hand in sympathy
Will a sorrowful tear efface.

It costs so little, I wonder why
We rarely give it a thought—
A smile, a kind word, a look, a touch,
What magic with these is wrought!
—Bachelor Maid, of South Carolina.

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Love Thyself Last

Love thyself last. Look near; behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far and find the stranger
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;
Go lend a hand, and lead him out of danger
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee
Are filled with spirit forces strong and pure.
And fervently these faithful friends shall love thee,
Keep thou thy watch o'er others and endure.

Love thyself last, and oh, such joy shall thrill thee
As never yet to selfish souls was given.
Whate'er thy lot a perfect peace will fill thee,
And earth shall seem the ante-room of Heaven.

Love thyself last, and thou shalt grow in spirit
To see, to hear, to know and understand
The message of the stars. Lo, thou shalt hear it,
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

The Light Along the Way

In sorrow and the darkest night
An undreamed, hopeful ray;
For Love is with us still—the light,
The light along the way.

And evermore the goal in sight,
Though skies be dim and gray;
Light in the solemn shadows—light!—
Love's light along the way!

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CHARACTER SKETCH

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WHAT WE ARE AND WHY;

WHAT WE DO AND HOW.

Four years ago there was founded at Fargo, N. D., an institution of learning and in connection therewith a sanitarium, wherein to heal the sick.

Students came, studied, were graduated, then departed to give place to increasing numbers.

The sick were brought, were healed, and left with blessings for the institution.

Both former students and former patients are now scattered over all parts of the United States and others are following them, every one loving and blessing the institution and carrying their good reports of it to others.

Each year has witnessed a large increase in both students and patients until to-day this college is undoubtedly the largest and most thorough of its kind in the world and the sanitarium is a splendid monument to its achievements.

This institution of learning is called The World's College of Therapeutics. The sanitarium which has such an enviable record for good is known as the North Dakota Sanitarium.

Marvin Earl Cox, D. P., D. M. T., D. T., is the president, founder and guiding spirit of both. The studies taught in the college are the various branches of Occult Science. Patients in the sanitarium are treated by Nature's cures, such as personal magnetism, hydropathy, scientific massage, suggestive therapeutics, etc.

Prof. Cox has gathered about him a score of the brightest minds and most learned students of the Occult Sciences in America, and these men and women compose the faculty.

This introduction is made in some detail to the readers of "The Magazine of Mysteries" because the World's College of Therapeutics and the North Dakota Sanitarium have reached that point in growth and excellence that makes it imperative that they be brought before the light of greater publicity and scrutiny, and you, dear reader, as one interested in the great mystic sciences of which we are also students and in which we claim a considerable degree of proficiency, must judge us. Thousands have been cured of diseases of mind and body by us.

We claim your attention because we have proved our worth in teaching and practicing the sublime truths of Personal Magnetism and Magnetic Healing; Mesmerism and Suggestive Therapeutics; Hydropathy, Hygiene, Sanitary Laws; Mental Philosophy, Anatomy, Character Study, Osteopathy, Christian Science, Vitapathy, Divine Healing, Astrology, Spiritualism, White and Black Magic, Welsmerism; Psychology, Phrenology or Mind Cure; Phrenology, Chiromancy, Graphology, etc.

"Man is his own Star; and the soul that can Render an honest and perfect man, Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

WE CAN HELP YOU
live happier, better; we can develop within you the powers of strong, successful men and women which God endowed you with, but which are latent and are unknown to you now.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM
was born in you. Are you able to use it? Can you command yourself and influence others by its great force? If not you are one of the many in whom it is latent, sleeping, waiting to be developed. Upon its development depend fame, fortune, happiness within one's self, and the ability to make others happy.

Find the person who has amassed wealth, achieved fame, or won social distinction without a ready control over the great personal magnetism which Nature gave and you will go on a long hunt.

We say this or that person is "magnetic." He simply has knowledge of and control over his magnetism. With the magnetism within your body you can raise yourself from failure and mediocrity to success and distinction. Without knowing how to use it you are negative, with it you are positive—the leader instead of the one who is led.

We are adepts in teaching personal magnetism and magnetic healing as well. So many people became interested in us through the reports from our students and patients that we were recently forced to publish a mail course on Personal Magnetism and Magnetic Healing. The work was compiled after many long months of labor.

The reputation of our institution is staked on it and we have had the pleasure of sending it to many and have heard nothing but praise for it from them.

It will teach you how to develop your own personal magnetism and use it in gaining riches and distinction, and also how to

TREAT DISEASES IN OTHERS
by Magnetic Healing, a very lucrative and desirable profession. Our former students are making as high as \$3000 per year in this profession. It is recognized to-day as the noblest and greatest therapeutic agency. You can master it in a short time. We not only furnish you with a printed course, but work with you by private correspondence until you are capable of passing the examination and obtaining your degree. If applied with even moderate diligence you will make a large income.

We earnestly solicit correspondence with all who are interested in any or all of the great and vital subjects of Occult Science. We can be of help to you.

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What We Are and Why; What We Do and How

Man's Greatest Power—Magnetism.
WORLD'S COLLEGE OF THERAPEUTICS,
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The Conditions for Many Prosperous and Pleasant Years Here and Now

THE Mystic Adepts are now putting forth tremendous efforts to help humanity. While the different Brotherhoods throughout the world are engaged in a multiplicity of works, they are all individually and collectively agreed upon trying to impress men and women that they are all sons and daughters of an eternal Almighty God, who is the *Loving Father of All*. That we can all of us live many prosperous and pleasant years *here and now* and reach Eternal Glory with the Holy Angels when we leave the Earth-plane.

Many Christian, God-loving Ministers are beginning to preach this doctrine from their pulpits. Only a few Sundays ago the Rev. Daniel H. Overton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached a powerful sermon upon how we can all have prosperous and pleasant years. This man of God took for his text Job. xxxvi: 11: "If they hearken and serve Him they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasantness." The following is the sermon condensed for this Magazine:

We have here in the text the conditions laid down for prosperous days and pleasant years and we notice, first, why conditions are necessary. Nearly everything that is good is conditioned. We fulfill the conditions and we get the good. The greatest and best promises of God have an "if" and God takes care of the fulfillment of the promise. There are some blessings that are for all without distinction. God's rain falls and His sun shines upon the just man's field and upon the unjust man's as well. But there are other blessings that come only to the just man and which the unjust man misses altogether because he does not fulfill conditions. It is well for us to learn this truth and to have it so firmly fixed that it shall not escape us. Things do not go by chance and by haphazard even in the old world, which seems sometimes so badly out of joint. Things go and come by law and the law of their coming or going can be quite definitely fixed. Effects argue causes and causes produce effects. The seen lead us back to the unseen and the unseen becomes real in seen results.

Prosperity is not a fickle, capricious dame, as she is so often pictured to be, who smiles on a few and frowns on all others. She has smiles for *all* if only *all* knew it, and knew how to win them. All seek her smiles, but they do not know how to win them, and many turn smiles into groans, whines and frowns because they do not know how to use them.

Prosperity is a product of firmly fixed and knowable laws and conditions. Those laws known, those conditions fulfilled, prosperity surely comes to a man or nation and prosperity is for *all* who will know, follow or fulfill laws and conditions.

What makes these years prosperous years in our nation? They are not by chance. They can be traced to well-known causes and to fulfilled conditions. Fertile fields? Yes, but to fertile fields well tilled. To tariff laws fixed for the time at least and to confidence in all lines of business, born of confidence in our government. When for any cause there is a lack of faith in the honesty and permanency of government or in our national policy, confidence departs and business becomes dull and fortune frowns instead of smiles.

Happiness is not *happenness*. Happiness does not happen. It is not a gaudy toy that we get by a blind grasp from the world's grab bag. It is a resultant of fundamental forces and fixed functions. It is born of holiness and it is not something for the few, but for *all*, who will seek it in the right way. It is true, as we so commonly say, "Be good and you will be happy." Holiness is a condition of happiness and if a person seeks to be holy he will have all the happiness that is good for him. I know that it is true that all are seeking happiness and few are finding it, but it is not because happiness is a "will o' the wisp" or a false light along life's way. It is because the many are seeking it where it cannot be found and trying to get it in ways that cannot produce it. They are trying to be happy without "trying to be

holy," and happiness does not grow on that tree. Religion brings happiness. The eternal law of happiness and the one great condition is holiness. Who seeks holiness is happy.

Success—the highest, best success—is not the laurel wreath or crown for the one winner and won only by the genius, the talented man. It is within the reach of *all* who will fulfill the conditions of the race and run his best for the prize. Every man can win success. What is success? What is the greatest, highest success? It is the making of this life the fittest beginning of the endless life. Who does this, succeeds. All can do this. It is in the reach of all if they will fulfill the conditions and carry out the law. Success is within the reach of all who are willing to have it and get it in the right way.

With these thoughts in mind we are not at all surprised to find our text starting out with an "if." We are not surprised to learn that prosperous and pleasant years are conditioned. They come from certain causes. Certain just conditions must be fulfilled.

Second, what are the conditions of prosperous days and pleasant years? Listen! "If they hearken and serve Him they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasantness." The years should be prosperous and happy as they pass. God intends that they should be, but I know that he has conditioned their prosperity and happiness and that we must fulfill these conditions to get the prosperity and pleasantness. What, then, are the conditions?

First, attention to God. "If they hearken." We must hear and heed God's voice speaking to us day by day and year by year. That year is most prosperous which is most full of God. Time is most important and rich when it is most full of eternity and of eternal things. The world is full of God. "The heavens declare His glory!" "The whole round year is full of Him." He is calling us in the common things and common talks of life, as he called Moses to do a great work for Him. But we do not hear, or if we hear we do not heed. We must hear and we must heed if we would succeed. Attention is the great condition of prosperity and success in all walks of life. No man succeeds without strict attention to his task. No man can have success in Christian work without attention to God.

Second, service is the second condition of prosperous and pleasant years: "If they will hearken and serve Him." First, the call of God to the task, then the task. First, the call of God to service, then the loving, loyal service. We are here to serve. "If any man would be great among you let him serve." I know that prosperity, happiness and success is conditioned on service more than on anything else. There is no genius like the genius for work. The men who are succeeding are the men with the talent for toil. This is true in the world's work. This is true in God's work. Attention and work—these are the conditions for many prosperous and pleasant years.

Let us, then, attend unto God and let us serve Him in sincerity and truth and reap the fruits of His wise conditions fulfilled. God speaks and says: "Go forward!" Prosperous and pleasant years are ours if we but comply with the conditions of a good and wise God.

Life Should Be One Glad Song

God intends our lives to be songs of joy and gladness. But many mourn and groan and whine and complain and make life a solemn dirge. The wise poet said:

Our lives are songs: God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song.

Whatever the rhyme or metre,
And if it is sad, we can make it glad;
Or, if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

Live *here and now* that your life may glorify God, the Son and the Holy Angels.

Our Growing Country

By a Mystic



NOWHERE on this beautiful planet are growth and progress and prosperity more notable than in the United States.

We Mystics know why this country is so prosperous and progressive. It is because we have here so many God-loving souls.

The Holy Spirit is at work here as nowhere else on the planet.

The last United States Government census issued shows that the United States has 28,000,000 professing Christians alone.

Then we have a great number of God-loving Jews, who are full of energy and progress and prosperity.

Again, we have a few millions of God-loving Spiritualists who are in touch with the Angel World, and who, working in two worlds, are energetic, progressive and prosperous.

Then there are a whole lot of God-loving Christians among numerous sects, such as the Quakers, the Moravians, Shakers, etc.

All these souls are loving and seeking God in one way or another, and are full of Spirit and enterprise—full of activity and service.

It is the real God-loving, Spiritual men that work and make a land flow with plenty. These *real* men gladly welcome to our shores the poor and down-trodden of other nations. It is the whining pessimists and cynics and anti-progressive souls who cry CLOSE THE DOORS! Did God create any one part of His planet for you or me? It is really God's World, not ours. The Christian Spirit gladly welcomes all to these shores. There is plenty of room for all who desire to come. It is a small, narrow, bigoted mind that would in any degree close the door to any people, black, yellow or white. The majority of foreigners who come to our shores are poor, yet enterprising and energetic souls. Anyway, they are all God's children, and if we really love God we will welcome them.

This is God's Land for *all* His children who desire to come here. The lazy and indolent and sinful and vicious and criminal classes are a mere sprinkling, compared with the great mass of honest, toiling foreigners who come to these shores, and many of these come to start life anew. A few others come who are indolent and lazy, and who think to find these shores a land flowing with milk and honey. They soon find they must labor and toil and work here as anywhere else in God's Earth, and many of these get into the Spirit of the American Way, and become good and useful citizens.

In this connection read this excellent editorial from the Christian Herald, which clearly shows two things—there is plenty of room for all who desire to come, and the Christian Spirit is to welcome foreigners. It says:

"If you cross this continent, the days and nights of consecutive railroad travel will forever extirpate from your mind all fears that we are going to be overcrowded in this country. One pear tree alone, on a farm of a thousand acres, might as well shiver through all its leaves at the fear of not having room enough. Five hundred millions of people will not crowd us. Let the English come, five thousand a month. Let the Irish come. Let the French come. Let the Italians come. Let the Germans come. Let the Chinese come. Let all nations come. Plenty of room. If you do not believe it, take the Central Pacific or the Union Pacific railroad train. There are the great deserts, by artesian wells or tunnels from the snow-covered mountains, to be irrigated into gardens. The richest gardens on the American continent to-day are those growing where, forty years ago, there had never been one blade of grass. Irrigation! There is California, once on the map of our school-boy days set down as a mere strip of land, but really larger than the State of New York and Pennsylvania, with all the New England States added. Room for fifty nations between Omaha and Cheyenne and Ogden. Room for still more nations between Sacramento and Salt Lake City. Those who took Horace Greeley's advice about going West as a joke, stayed here, and consider themselves now fortunate if they can get a poor round of beef and no pudding, while many of those who took his advice in dead earnest are to-day on venison and broiled pigeon."

Health, Happiness and Prosperity; or, How to Live and Work

By Elizabeth Towne

THE social, physical, mental and spiritual ideals are the root ideals; whilst business ideals are the branches—where hang the fruits, "by which you shall know them." The fruits of life, of "the spirit" are "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, meekness, goodness, faith, temperance." If one is sheltered and provided for in a pleasant home it is hard enough to bear always the fruit of spirit. Will any one then deny the crown of highest accomplishment to the man who can bear these fruits in his business life? Surely not. By his fruits shall he be judged, and money is the least fruit of a successful business. Therefore I say unto you, beloved, look well to your fruit-bearing; not merely because by your fruits you shall be known, but because you shall know yourself by your fruits—yourself and all the world. How much love are you bearing for your work, and for those associated with you? Love, you know, is Good Will—a real force, like electricity, or sun energy—which comes from within you and is radiated as the life-giver upon your world. How much joy do you bear toward your work and associates? Joy is the glory of love—the overflow of pure Good Will. How much peace do you spread among your co-workers. Blessed are the peacemakers, the children who see good. Do you bear the weeds of arrogance and loud-mouthed bossism in your business? Or do you bear the fruits of a kind, kindly spirit whose subjects love to please him? Ah, FAITH!—do you bear faith in your work; faith in its outcome; faith that each thing works for good, for the desired end; faith in the motives (not always in the schemes or words, though) of those about you; faith in your judgments and decisions as the only right ones for your actions? Do you bear the fruit of goodness—of seeing good in all things? Do you bear the fruit of temperance, not only as to what you drink; but temperance in eating, in working, in playing, in resting? Do you bear the "Golden Rule" in your heart and business? Then your days are a succession of successes.

A quiet, cheerful mind, with plenty of fruit, water and exercise, is the only effective wrinkle preventive and eradicator I know of.—Elizabeth Towne.

"He who hath aims multitudinous
Attempts too many things and thus
Scatters his strength and but achieves
A stunted vine with dwarf-like leaves."
—Susie M. Best.

Life

LET me but live my life from year to year.
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey
will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free, leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unrelenting sea. —Holmes.

Love God and aspire and be industrious, and He and the Angels will protect you from all harm. Aye, the unseen forces will aid and help you in countless ways in realizing all of your ideals.

Self-Control

By Harriet Smith-Wilkinson, in the Light of Truth

BE your own guide. Realize the power of your own conceptions. Think deeply, say little, and what you say will count. The folly of talking too much has taught many a wise man a bitter lesson. Many great men of to-day say little and yet they mean so much. Their words fall like jewels from their lips and men eagerly listen lest they lose one word.

Be accurate and truthful, and self-control will become a power. It is far easier to say nothing when we learn the art of self-control than it is to speak some thought that misses wide the mark. Untruths generally come home to us, and when we find them staring us in the face we despise our own weakness.

Self-control is a good guide, and men rarely accomplish as much by flaunting their innermost thoughts and feelings to the four winds, as when they carefully plant each little seed, stopping to cover it well with earth, ere they go on.

The personality that flings to the winds will find little growth, but he who plants a seed at a time knows where he stands and can trace each flower that springs from his carefully planted seed.

Silence, words well chosen and well spoken, which absolve themselves into the great lesson of self-control, mete out justly and gain justification in the end.

There is plenty of time for action, but none for waste; for improvement, but none for dissipation. Man is here for doing God's will and getting ready for heaven. Providence favors this arrangement, and he who falls in line with it, finds ample opportunity for accomplishing the true and beneficent ends of life.

The Beatitudes in Epitome

- 1 BLESSED are the poor in spirit, theirs is Heaven;
- 2 Blessed they who mourn, to them is comfort given;
- 3 Blessed are the meek, they shall the earth possess;
- 4 Blessed fully they who thirst for righteousness;
- 5 Blessed are the merciful with mercy, free;
- 6 Blessed are the pure in heart—they God shall see;
- 7 Blessed are the peacemakers, called the sons of God;
- 8 Blessed they who bear, for righteousness, the rod;
- 9 Blessed ye, falsely reviled for Jesus' sake;
- 10 Rejoice, be glad your great reward to take.

Y

THE Pythagoric Letter—two ways spread—Shows the two paths by which man's life is led:

The right-hand track to sacred virtue tends, Though steep and rough at first, in rest it ends.

The other, broad and smooth; but from its crown,

On rocks the traveller is tumbled down. He who to virtue by harsh toil aspires, Subduing pains, worth and renown acquires;

But who seeks slothful luxury, and flies The labor of great acts, dishonored dies.

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul
And God stand sure.

—Browning.



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"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."—Proverbs, xxiv, 10.

"The pure intent gives the act its glory. The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed."

All adversity is the soul's opportunity for triumph. Through adversity the soul climbs up higher—provided it does not faint. "Suffering is God's tool to cut life into beauty," and in the very darkest hour God and the Angels are nearest. "God never will abandon you." Fix this truth on your mind, you who are sore, tired, weary, weak and discouraged. Keep your heart's window always open towards the Loving Father, and He will help you to overcome all present troubles and turn bitter tears and dark gloom into the brightest sunshine.

Let us have large, cheerful natures and be philosophers and not weaklings and cowards. God is all-good. It is our faint, weak hearts and vacillating minds that keep us weak—impotent. We have all the power there is in the universe, but our complex minds, mad with vain desires, fears and doubts, weaken our hope and faith, and we can scarcely meet the natural and ordinary events of life without fainting. It is well the loving and wise Father does not grant our countless desires and wishes.

O God! I thank Thee for each wish
Denied as well as granted,
Since oftentimes what I craved, if given,
Had been what least I wanted.
His thoughts are wiser far than ours,
Who sees from the beginning,
And he who doubts the gracious end
Repays the grace by sinning.
—Caroline A. Mason.

We imagine a thousand different things, conditions and states would make us supremely happy, when, in truth, bliss and happiness would be ours forever if we could but forever kill and destroy these vain imaginations.

The soul is blissful to the extent that its mind controls or eliminates illusions and insane dreams. Health, strength, power, force and cheerfulness are the fruits of a contented mind—a mind poised and centered.

Hope maketh strength and courage at all times, but more so when we are burdened with grief and sorrow. "We are saved by hope" (Romans, viii, 24). Confucius said: "Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but rising every time we fall." And who does not fall, and fail, and become discouraged? Why, bless your heart, we are all of us continually slipping, falling and rising; that is the path of progress and civilization and evolution. The present, no matter what it brings us, is better than the past, and the soul ever tells us in our sober and sane moments that the future will be better than the present. Who can tell what a day will bring forth? Adversity is only a temporary condition—often only an appearance of a diseased mind. Let us be good and wise and rational and see that every pain is an admonition—an effect of some offended, beneficent law.

The distracting poison of insane desire can be counteracted only by aspiration. Let high aspiration take the place of desire, and our minds become calm and composed and our souls poised. Then we are strong and do not faint, come what may.

A well-ordered mind knows that under the great and divine law of compensation woe and joy, despair and peace, disease and ease, turbulence and calm, action and reaction are only transitory states that all souls pass through in the Great Evolution toward Eternal Peace. In our growth we must have some bitter with the sweet, so that we may study and reflect and know the cause of each effect. In a while we outgrow or overcome all conditions, adverse or otherwise, and get beyond all their power to affect us in one way or another, and then we are supremely happy, or at least superior to adversity.

How to Endure Anything

MAN can endure any disease, trouble, loss or adverse condition calmly and serenely if Christ, the Master, dwells in his heart. A Christian man is an enduring man, and an enduring man is a noble man. Success and happiness, progress and prosperity, depend upon endurance, and that individual or nation that can endure bravely and nobly will be supreme. Owen Meredith said:

"Man cannot make but may ennoble fate
By nobly bearing it."

THE MASTER in a certain and positive, yet kind and gentle, way taught men how to endure and live grand and noble lives.

The great reward of all labor, service and work is the blissful satisfaction it brings to our whole being. "If the labor terrifies, the reward invites."

"When man becomes attuned to music of celestial spheres, his thought can heal at any distance."

The life of the universe is action and reaction—darkness and light, death and life, grief and joy. We go from plane to plane, from state to state, mood to mood. In darkness let us patiently and cheerfully wait for the light, which will surely come, and not moan and groan like weaklings and cowards. Let us not faint, but hope. "Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice."

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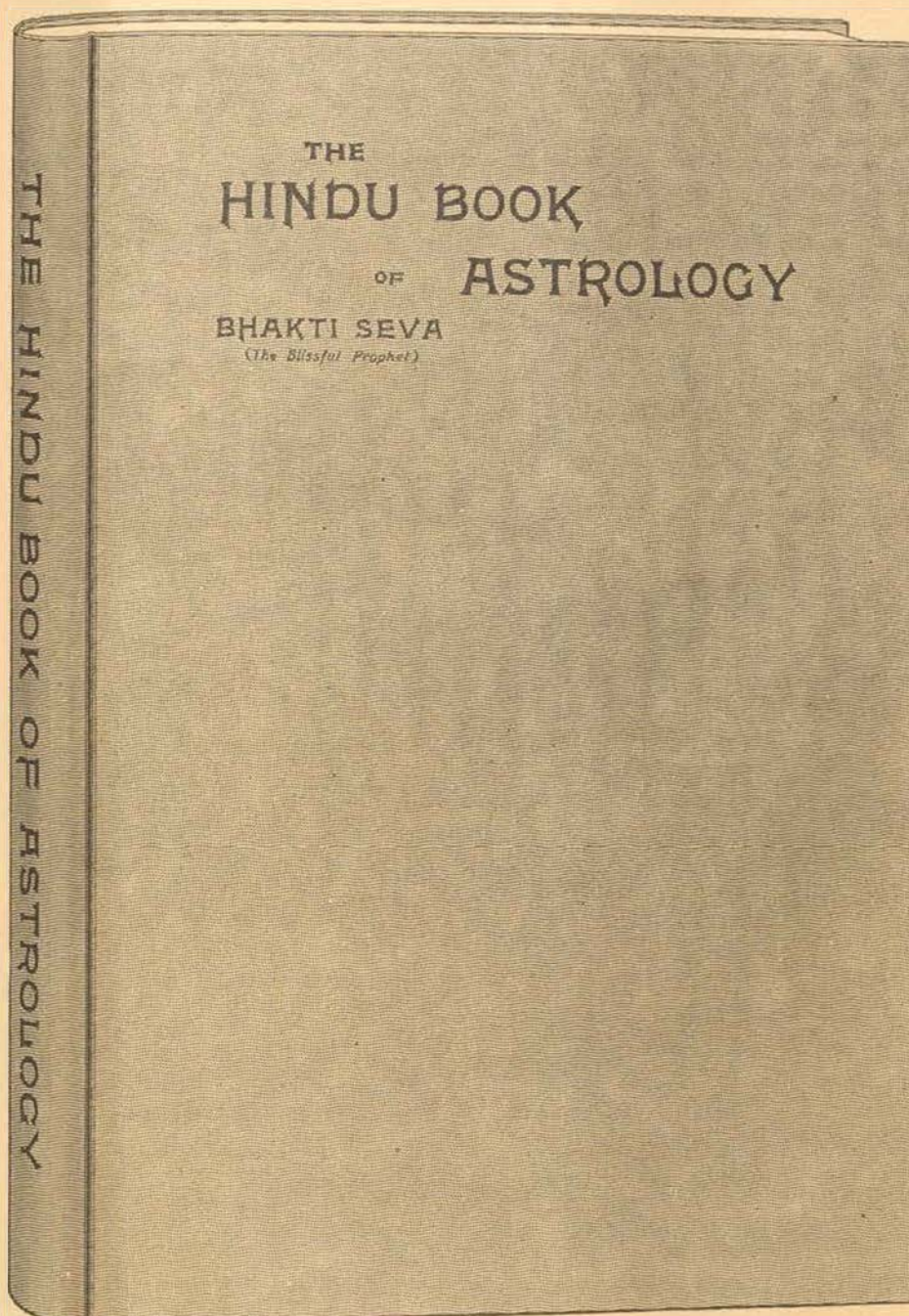
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We all have the power to bring peace, harmony and melody into our lives—if we would only think so.

How can a soul be happy and progressive that carries around with it a mind full of thoughts of "evil," the devil, hell and an angry God of Impotence? How can such a being have either hope or power to do, or any love in his heart to serve God and man?—A. Z.

Hate, envy, greed and lust cause about all grief, sorrow and disease in the world.

Even the devil has one good quality—he forever disappears under the blaze of Truth.

He thanked God and sighed. Some people always sigh in thanking God.—Mrs. Browning.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.—Psalm c. 2.

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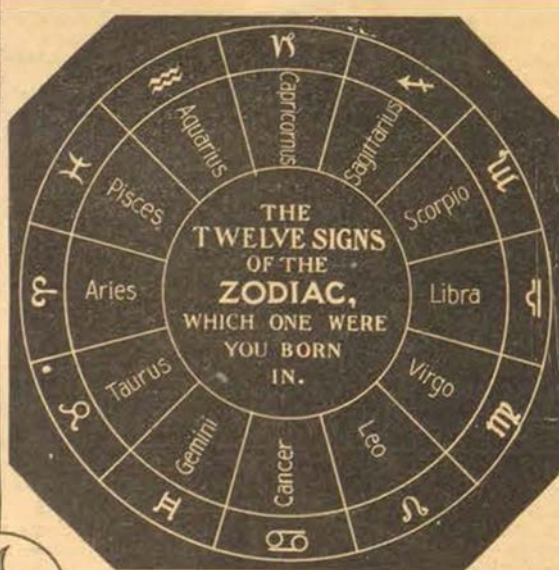
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